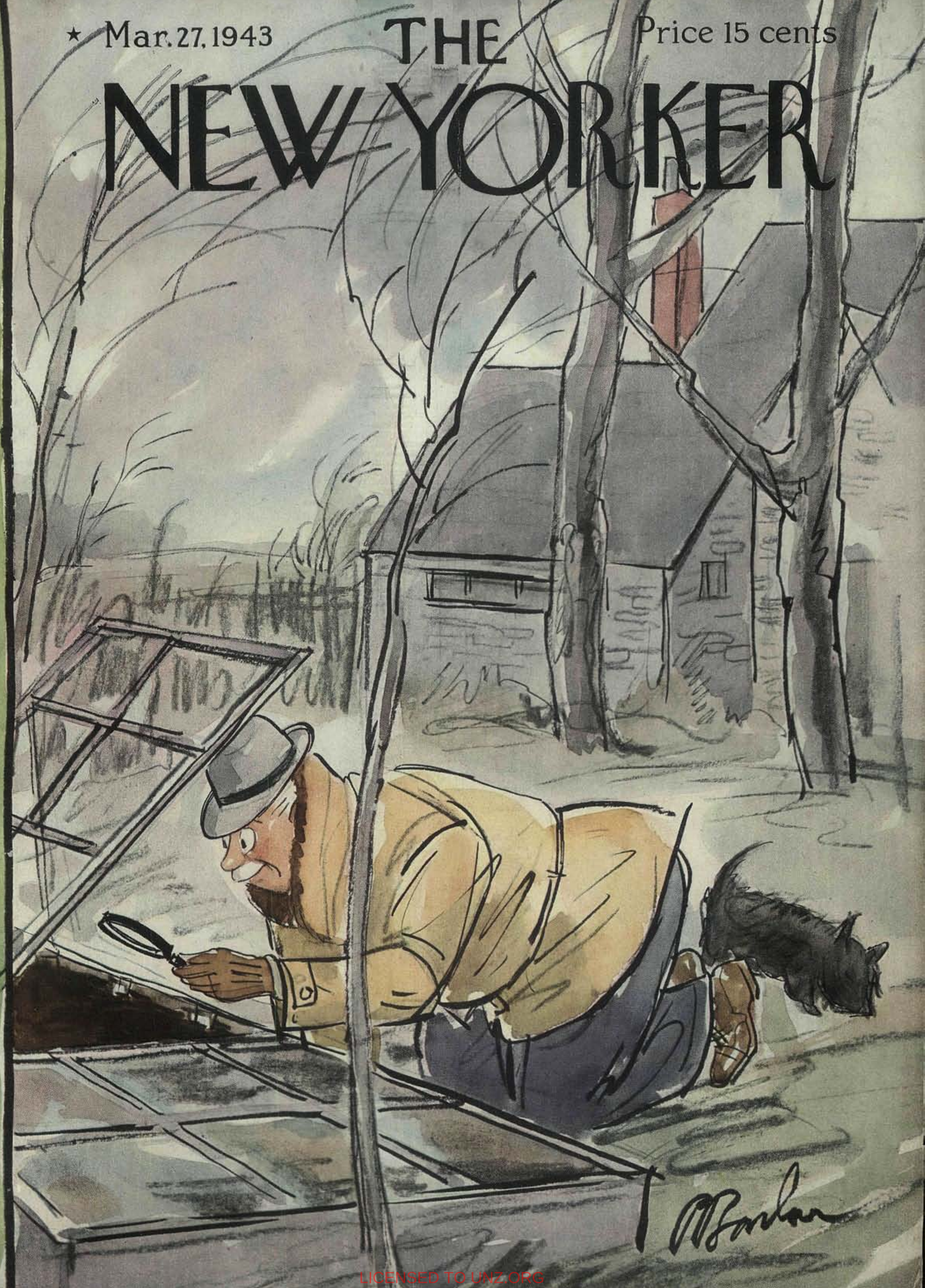
★ Mar. 27, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. After two years this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Counterattack—An episode on the Russian front which is not as exciting as it might be, in spite of the vigorous efforts of Morris Carnovsky, Sam Wanamaker, Barbara O'Neil, and quite a few others. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Very funny piece about the invasion of a Long Island household by three spirited Russians. The co-authors, Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova, play a large part in all the uproar. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson's handling of the tragedy of Bataan makes an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The play itself is accurate enough but, unfortunately, a bit dull. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

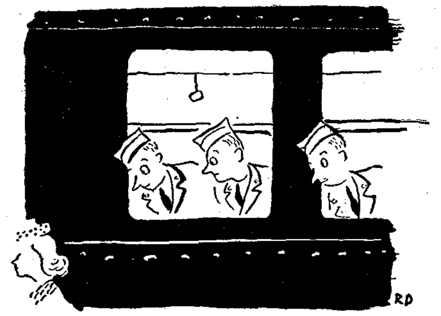
Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Moves on Sun., March 28, to the Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby, largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney continue to play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Men in Shadow—Roy Hargrave as the head of the saboteurs in a rather simple-minded melodrama about the underground movement in France. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Patriots—A lucid if not very inspiring account of Thomas Jefferson's feud with Alexander Hamilton. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins, with a cast that includes Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, and Madge Evans. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 3.

The Pirate—A costume piece about the West Indies in 1800 that has its bright moments—S. N. Behrman being who he is—but seems to sag every now and then. The Lunts, of course, are in charge most of the time. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy, dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superior cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and many other fine players in a revival of Chekhov's study in frustration. Guthrie McClintic is the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., March 25, at 2:30, for the Red Cross. Closes Sat., April 3.)

Uncle Harry—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Apology—Elissa Landi, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Thelma Schnee in a play by Charles Schnee. Staged and produced by Lee Strasberg. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Richard III—The Shakespeare play, with George Coulouris, Philip Bourneuf, and Mildred Dunnock. Staged by Mr. Coulouris and produced by Theatre Productions. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Ray Bolger in the Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband." Ronald Graham and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence and a considerably revised cast back again in Moss Hart's fantasy about a lady editor who gets tangled up in psychiatry. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Show Time—Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos are all very fine in this superior vaudeville show supervised by George Jessel. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30. Closes Sat., April 3.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. A big, good-natured show, also containing Allen Jenkins and Paula Laurence. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brainstorm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help the Messrs. O. and J. to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Moves on Mon., March 29, to the 46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Family—A dramatization by Victor Wolfson of Nina Fedorova's novel, with Lucile Watson, Carol Goodner, and Evelyn Varden. Staged by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Oscar Serlin. Opens Tues., March 30. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II of Lynn Riggs' play "Green Grow the Lilacs." Staged by Rouben Mamoulian and produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Wed., March 31. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—A new edition of an old classic—the first in almost ten years—with Milton Berle, Ilona Massey, Arthur Treacher, and Jack Cole. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert, Alfred Bloomingdale, and Lou Walters. Opens Thurs., April 1. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Winnie the Pooh," Sat., March 27, at 3:45 P.M. (Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71. BU 8-6220.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—"Swan Lake," "Pillar of Fire," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., April 1; "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka" (with Stravinsky conducting), "Pas de Quatre," and "Gala Performance," Fri. Eve., April 2; "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Coppelia," Sat. Aft., April 3; "Aleko," "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., April 3. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

Dance Recitals—At the STUDIO THEATRE, 108 W. 16 (CH 2-9819): Valerie Bettis, Virginia Johnson, Erick Hawkins, and Pearl Lang, Thurs. and Fri., March 25-26, at 9 P.M. . . . José Limón with the Humphrey-Weidman Company, Sat., March 27 and April 3, at 8:45 P.M. . . . Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman continuing a series of recitals, Sun., March 28, at 8:45 P.M. . . . CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, 225 W. 24 (for tickets, call ST 9-1391): Martha Graham with her group, Sat., March 27, at 8:30 P.M. . . . KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92 (AT 9-2400): Hanya

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 6, March 27, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

Helen of Troy, *U.S.A.*

This was in truth the face that launched a thousand American ships! She was so beautiful, so serene . . . and so damned uncomfortable!

Not alone from the bustles and the corsets and the voluminous billows of tent cloth. Daily her life was besieged with the drudgery and the discomforts of the Gilded Age: The flat iron, the wood stove, the wash tub and the carpet beater, gaslight and the coal grate, horsecars and hansom cabs. But all these things have changed . . . miraculously and wonderfully changed.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 3.

Holm and her group, Sun., March 28, at 3:30 P.M. . . **BARBIZON-PLAZA,** 6 Ave. at 58 (CI 7-7000): La Meri and her Natya Dancers, Tues., March 30, at 8:45 P.M.

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin is heading the ice show in the Bowman Room, where the music is by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Jimmy Durante pointing up a show against a setting of strictly Manhattan palm trees. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable way to spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—A handsome spot, with a small show and Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Stanley Melba's orchestra and other entertainment. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—John Hoysradt is among the performers in the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . The Maisonette, downstairs, offers music by Bob Simone's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Russ Smith's orchestra in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, who is entertaining in the Wedgwood Room during the supper hour, will be replaced on Fri., April 2, by Alec Templeton. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra will continue to be around all evening, and Mischa Borr's orchestra will stay on to help entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with Maxine Sullivan and a number of other competent performers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Paula Laurence, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a log fire, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

MISCELLANEOUS—The **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske is up to his old antics at this blend of Broadway and the East Side; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small spot with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): a fairly fancy one, with Don Maya's orchestra (to be replaced on Wed., March 31, by Don Carlo's) and a not too large show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and a show. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings and white palm trees, and a show which includes Frank Sinatra, Sheila Barrett, and Walter O'Keefe; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **MON PAREE,** 142 E. 53 (PL 5-7765): not an especially close resemblance to anybody's Paree, but there's Bill Glass's orchestra and other entertainers. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): Ron Perry's orchestra and a dance floor no bigger than a jeep. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after the old Left Bank, with cancans and all that. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American place, with a show headed by Diosa Costello; Machito's rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **FROLICS,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-8990): Benny Fields sings those old songs of his and keeps the show moving along. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Ammons and Johnson, Frankie Newton's orchestra, and, through Sun., March 28, the Revuers. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

ABSTRACT—At the **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: seventh annual show of the American Abstract Artists, with works by A. E. Gallatin, Hananiah Harari, Fernand Léger, Piet Mondrian, and others. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 25. . . . **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: oils and drawings by Byron Browne. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., March 31. . . . **WILLARD,** 32 E. 57: Herbert Bayer shows his new works. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

AMERICAN SCENE—Forty paintings on American subjects, from as far back as John Frederick Kensett and Eastman Johnson on up to Marsden Hartley: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 10.

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—Georges Braque, Salvador Dali, Paul Klee, and other moderns showing two paintings apiece—one early, the other recent. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 10.

DARREL AUSTIN—Retrospective show of oils and drawings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 8.

DEGAS—Twelve pastels, from 1878 to 1900: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., March 31.

FRENCH—Oils and prints by Max Ernst, André Masson, Joan Miró, and others: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

WILLIAM GROPPER—Oils and water colors of the last few years, with war as the principal theme: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

GROUPS—At the **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: works by Yovan Radenkovitch, Saul Berman, Maurice Sterne, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., March 31. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: recent canvases by new and old members of this gallery's large group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 3. . . . **MONTROSS,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: a new showing of works by Alan Brown, Percy Albee, and others associated with this gallery. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 2. . . . **NORLYST,** 59 W. 56: this gallery's first exhibition includes works by Sarah Berman, Sally Mewhinney, and Byron Thomas. Tues., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 11 A.M to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., March 31.

CARL HOFER—Figures, flowers, and landscapes painted before 1939; also, a group show by American and European artists: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 10.

AUGUSTUS JOHN—A selection of oils and drawings by this well-known British artist; also, paintings by Bruce Mitchell, Everett Shinn, Max Weber, and others: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 17.

JOE JONES—Wheat fields and other landscapes by this Missouri-born artist: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 27.

MORRIS KANTOR—A group of recent oils, with Cape Cod and the war as subject matter: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

PAUL KLEE AND ANDRÉ MASSON—Paintings by two moderns, contrasted with examples of primitive sculpture: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 27.

JOHN KOCH—Recent landscapes and figure paintings: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 10.

MATTA—Drawings in pencil and water color: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., April 5.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Prize-winning paintings, sculptures, and prints from the "Artists for Victory" exhibition (through Wed., March 31); also, prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder (through May 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

PIET MONDRIAN AND MARIA—New paintings by the first; South American sculptures by the second: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 10.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Original drawings and photographs made for *Yank*, featuring the work of Sergeant Howard Brodie (through April 18); also, Peter Blume's "The Eternal City," recently acquired by the Museum. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Americans, including Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, Werner Drewes, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 30.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Seventy-sixth annual of the American Water Color Society. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 14.

NINETEENTH CENTURY—Paintings by Corot, Degas, Monet, and others: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

GEORGES SCHREIBER—People and scenes of the South on canvas: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 11.

CHAIM SOUTINE—First New York showing in some years by the foremost European Expressionist: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 16.

MAURICE VLAMINCK—Oils painted about thirty years ago: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 17.

MAX WEBER—Recent paintings by a veteran American modernist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

WILLIAM ZORACH—A selection of wood and stone sculptures in his first one-man show in twelve years: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 27.

HERE AND THERE—At the **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: paintings and sculptures by members of the club. Daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 26. . . . **WAKEFIELD,** 64 E. 55: drawings in color by Wolfgang Schulz Wols and Andre Racz. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 27. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 18 E. 57: Marcel Vertès shows his versatility in various media. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 10. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: recent paintings of Maine by Dahlov Ipcar. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 3. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: paintings by Albert Sterner. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 10. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: landscapes and figure paintings by Emory Ladanyi. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 2. . . . **BONESTELL,** 18 E. 57: first one-man show of sculptures by Marion Sanford. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sat., March 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Fritz Reiner conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., March 25, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 26, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., March 27, at

TAKE A BEAUTY SHORT-CUT

Look Lovely in Barbara Gould Harmonized Make-Up

THE vital clearcut *natural* look . . . this is the Barbara Gould theory of beauty, so effectively demonstrated by the smooth blending of Barbara Gould make-up.

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Barbara Gould
DISTRIBUTOR, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:45 P.M.; Sun., March 28, at 3 P.M.; Wed., March 31, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., April 2, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., April 3, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Joseph Szigeti, March 25, 26, and 28; Hortense Monath, March 27; Gregor Piatigorsky, April 3.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., April 1, at 8:45 P.M. and Sat., April 3, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., April 2, at 8:30 P.M.

Original Don Cossack Chorus—Serge Jaroff conducting: Metropolitan Opera House (PE 6-1210), Fri. through Sun., March 26-28, at 8:30 P.M.

Chamber Music Series—Adolf Busch and his Chamber Music Players, assisted by Rudolf Serkin, the New Choral Group, and others: Town Hall, Fri., March 26 and April 2, at 8:45 P.M.

Benefit Concert—Joseph Schuster, Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, and others; for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: Town Hall, Sun., March 28, at 5:30 P.M.

Oratorio Society of New York—Albert Stoessel conducting Bach's Mass in B minor: Carnegie Hall, Tues., March 30, at 8 P.M.

Serenade Series—The third of a number of concerts of classical and modern music given as a benefit for men of the armed services will feature Mme. Claude Alphand in a one-act Spanish operetta, with music by Paul Bowles, and Argentinita and her company performing a nineteenth-century cuadro flamenco: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900), Tues., March 30, at 9 P.M.

Operatic Concert—Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," presented in concert form by the Russian Opera Company: Town Hall, Sat., April 3, at 8:30 P.M.

Student Concerts—At the HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL, Park at 69 (RH 4-1500, Ext. 145): the Hunter College Choir, conducted by Anders Emile, and the New York University Glee Club, conducted by Alfred M. Greenfield, Sun., March 28, at 8:30 P.M. . . . TOWN HALL, the Cornell University Chorus, conducted by John Kuypers, Sat., April 3, at 2:30 P.M.

RECITALS

Brooklyn Academy of Music—Artur Rubinstein, Tues., March 30, at 8:30 P.M. (30 Lafayette Ave., ST 3-6700.)

Carnegie Chamber Music Hall—Robert Goldsand, Wed., March 31, at 8:30 P.M. (CI 7-7460.)

OPERA

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Salmaggi Opera—"Rigoletto," Sun., March 28, at 3 P.M.; "Il Trovatore," Sun., March 28, at 8:15 P.M. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-9177.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Ebbets Field: exhibition game, Dodgers vs. Boston, Sat., April 3, at 2:30 P.M.

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—National Invitation Tournament: semifinals, Sat., March 27; final, Mon., March 29; at 8:15 P.M. . . . National Collegiate Athletic Association Tournament: Eastern final, Thurs., March 25; East-West final, Tues., March 30; at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Johnny Greco vs. Cleo Shans, lightweights, 10 rounds, a benefit for the Canadian Army Relief Fund, Fri., March 26; Beau Jack vs. Henry Armstrong, catchweights, 10 rounds, Fri., April 2. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts start at 10.

Fencing—Salle Santelli, 32 University Pl., at 9: Metropolitan Women's Open Individual Foil Championship, Sun., March 28, at 2:30 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden: amateur-series playoff games, Sun., March 28, at 1:30 and 7:15 P.M.

Swimming—New York Athletic Club, 7 Ave. at 59: National A.A.U. men's championships, Fri. and Sat., April 2-3, at 8:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BUILDING, 405 Lexington, at 42: an exhibition and demonstration, assembled by the Army, of weapons, ranging from pistols to howitzers, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, together with pieces of equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15. . . . ROCKEFELLER PLAZA: the first of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, illustrating the accomplishments and aims of the United Nations. Among the features are short recorded addresses, repeated at frequent intervals, by Roosevelt, Churchill, and, in their native tongues, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek. Daily 8:30 A.M. to dusk; through April 11.

English Caricatures—Original drawings and reproductions of works by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gillray, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century illustrators: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

Masks—Eighty examples from the Kenneth Macgowan collection, dating from prehistoric times to the present and arranged by Lee Simonson: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 15.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 3.

On the Air—Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, in a series of broadcasts, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Fri., March 26 and April 2, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 27, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sun., March 28, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., March 28, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boxing: Johnny Greco vs. Cleo Shans, Fri., March 26; Beau Jack vs. Henry Armstrong, Fri., April 2; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri., March 26 and April 2, and Sat., April 3, at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Chinese art objects, including porcelains of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties and Ch'ien Lung jades, collected by the late Agnes H. Forbes and others: Thurs., March 25, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

Air Force—Across the Pacific in a B-17. The cast, which is not important, includes John Garfield and Harry Carey. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

At the Front—Surprisingly clear and close-up shots of tank action in North Africa. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., March 31.)

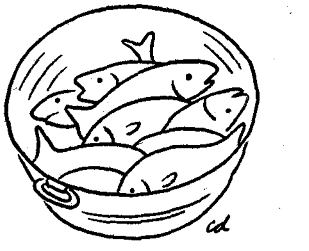
Casablanca—Intrigue in the North African metropolis when the Germans were still running loose there. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., March 31.)

China Girl—International cops-and-robbers, with George Montgomery, Gene Tierney, Victor McLaglen, and, luckily, a script by Ben Hecht. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., March 26-29. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., March 27-30.)

The Human Comedy—A screen play by Saroyan based on the usual rosy Saroyan point of view, but also pleasantly fresh. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and a small boy named Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Immortal Sergeant—A British patrol gets lost in the Libyan Desert, and it's touch and go. There's also a romance that you don't have to pay much attention to. Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 26. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., March 29. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., March 26-29. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., March 28-29. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., March 30-April 1.)

In Which We Serve—The career of a British destroyer, with lots of authentic excitement. Noel Coward wrote and directed it and helped with the acting. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sun., March 28. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Mon., March 29. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., March 31. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Tues., March 26-30.)



Keeper of the Flame—Dramatic story about a national idol who dies respected by all but is later found by a reporter to have been a menace. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Life Begins at 8:30—Monty Woolley as an old actor who has taken to the bottle. With Ida Lupino. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., March 26. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., March 26-28. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., March 27-29.)

The Moon Is Down—John Steinbeck's play about a Norwegian town under the Germans, with improvements by Nunnally Johnson. The cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; starting Fri., March 26.)

Shadow of a Doubt—A Hitchcock, a bit under Hitchcock par but still scary, about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. With Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, and Henry Travers. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Mon., March 29. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., March 31-April 3. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52, and 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., March 31.)

We Are the Marines—A full-length examination by the March of Time of one brand of fighting man. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., March 25.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy—The story of the late George M. Cohan and a great display of stage life, reviving the tunes and memories of his famous shows. With James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79, and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., March 26. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Tues., March 30.)

REVIVALS

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. and Sun., March 27-28.)

Cavalcade (1933)—Noel Coward's account of England during two wars. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., March 26.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., March 26.)

The Earl of Chicago (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. Robert Montgomery. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., March 30-31.)

Generals Without Buttons (1938)—Children and their feuds. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., March 26.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. and Tues., March 29-30.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., March 29-30.)

Man Hunt (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., March 25.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., March 26.)

Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky sketch of some famous pearls. In French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., March 27-30. . . . 5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., March 31-April 1.)

Seventh Heaven (1937)—The old tearjerker—remember? With Simone Simon and James Stewart. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., March 26.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., March 31-April 2.)

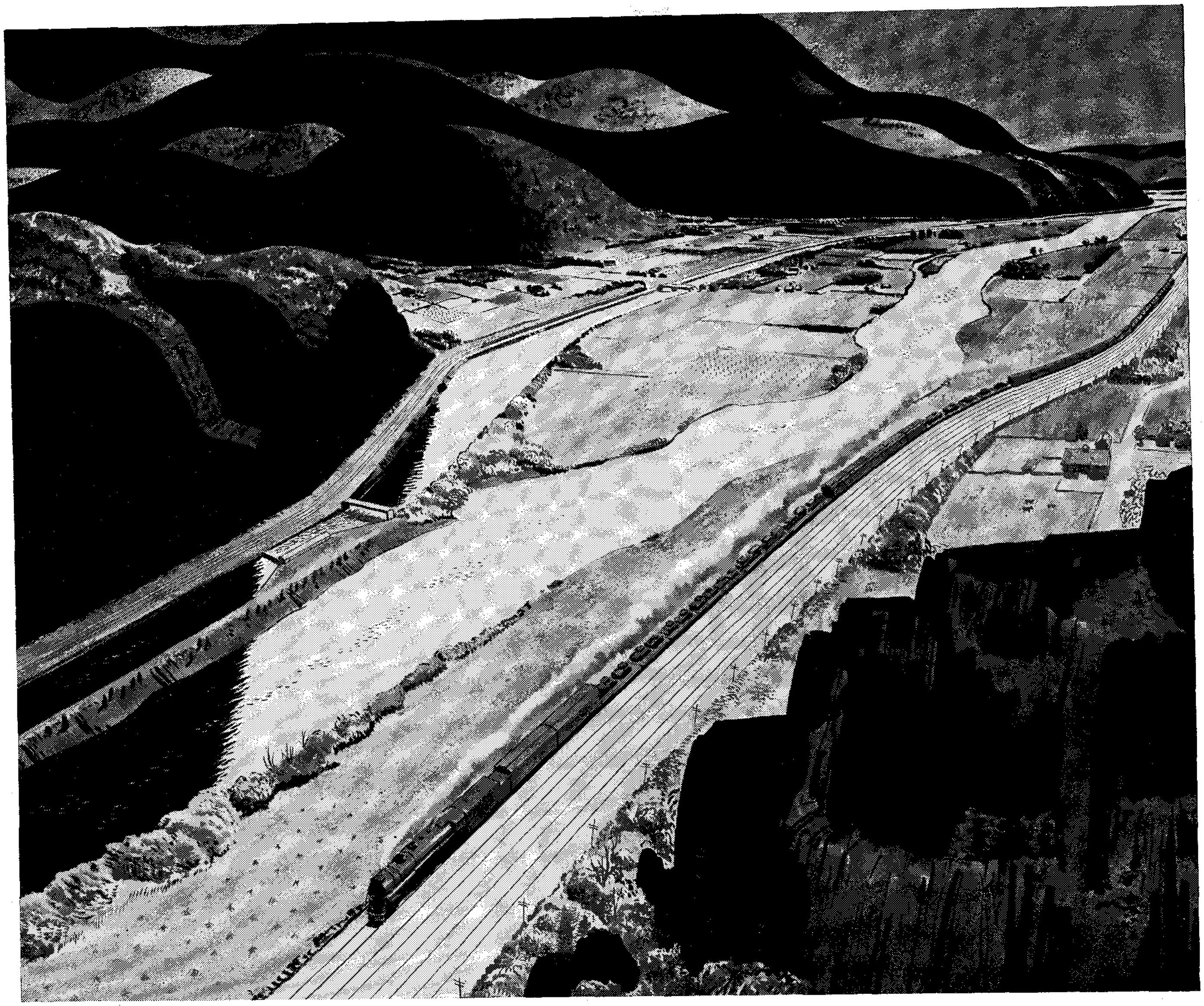
Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., March 30-April 1.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Thurs., April 1.)

This Gun for Hire (1942)—Underworld thriller of night clubs and Fifth Columnists. Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., March 30-April 1.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., March 26-29.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS. AND FRI., MARCH 25-26: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), Paul Muni. SAT. AND SUN., MARCH 27-28: "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), in French, directed by René Clair. MON. AND TUES., MARCH 29-30: "Emil und die Detektive" (1932), in German. WED. AND THURS., MARCH 31-APRIL 1: "Million Dollar Legs"



WARPATH OF THE UNITED NATIONS

This is an ancient valley.

This is a water level highway that nature carved from the rock and tore from the forest. This is where war cries echoed and smoke signals drifted to the sky when the Five Nations of the Iroquois roamed with their tribes.

This is where a *new* thunder roars out today . . . the thunder of wheels on steel, the thunder of powerful locomotives, the thunder of long trains speeding their cargoes through the night.

For this is a warpath again.

One of the mighty roadways of a mighty people . . . one of the great railways that unite our nation with bonds of steel and unbreakable purpose...one of the arteries that carries the cargoes of Victory.

From the teeming shores of the Great Lakes and the valleys of the Mississippi, flows the freight of war to the East. From the farms and the mines and the oil fields, flow the precious food, the metals, the fuel, for the smoking factories and cities.

From the arsenals of democracy across the nation—East and West—is channeled a mighty stream of tanks and guns and planes, racing to the waiting ships that will soon scatter to the fighting fronts of the world.

This is the ancient water level route... ancient as the Mohawk River itself, or the Hudson . . . precious to America as fertile earth or sheltering ports or metal-laden mines . . . now a warpath of the United Nations.

And this is a highway of tomorrow—a road for tomorrow's travelers and shippers. For the experience that is being born in the war of today, will be turned with new skill to the new trains of tomorrow—to carry America's people and America's products on their swift errands of peace.

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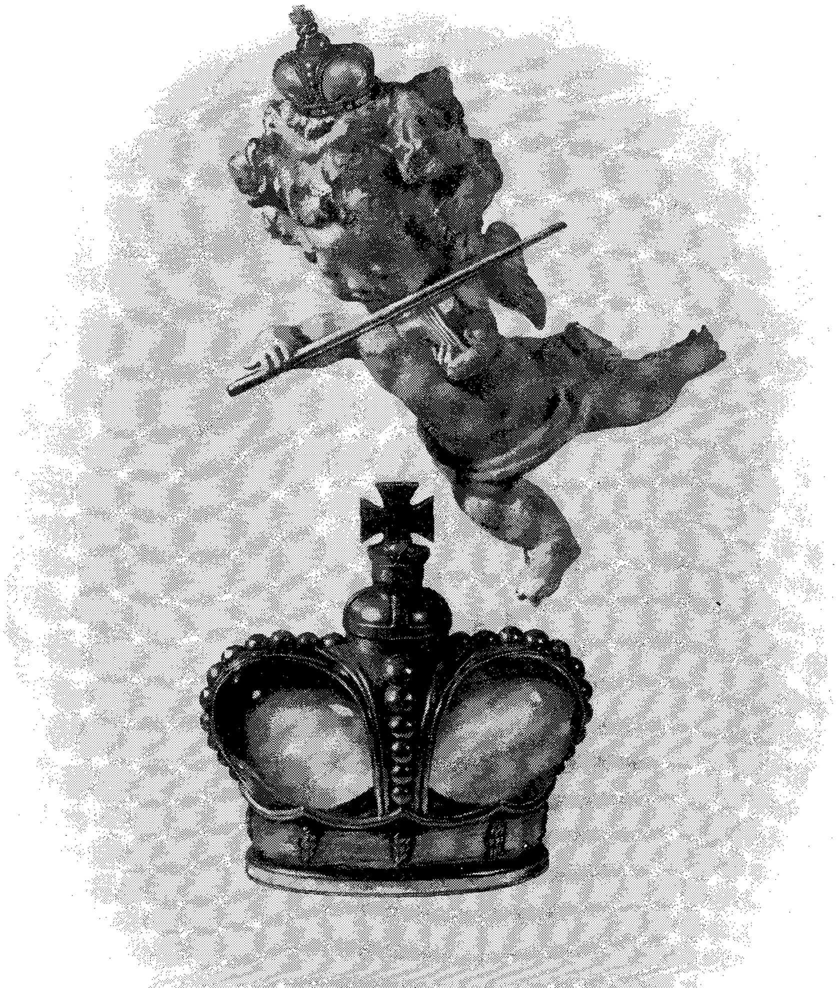

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So rich and heady... So near the heart.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1932), W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie. **FRI. AND SAT., APRIL 2-3:** "Wild Boys of the Road" (1933).

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), is this borough's clearing house for residents who want to help by taking one of the many hundreds of emergency jobs that are in urgent need of filling. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.) The C.D.V.O. is prepared to assign men and women to wartime tasks and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross and the American Women's Voluntary Services.

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (4) women to serve the Army's Auxiliary Aircraft Warning Service by working five and a half hours every other day, or one shift a week from 12 to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (5) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then work as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in nine hours a week or more as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. to act as spot workers on short-notice jobs.

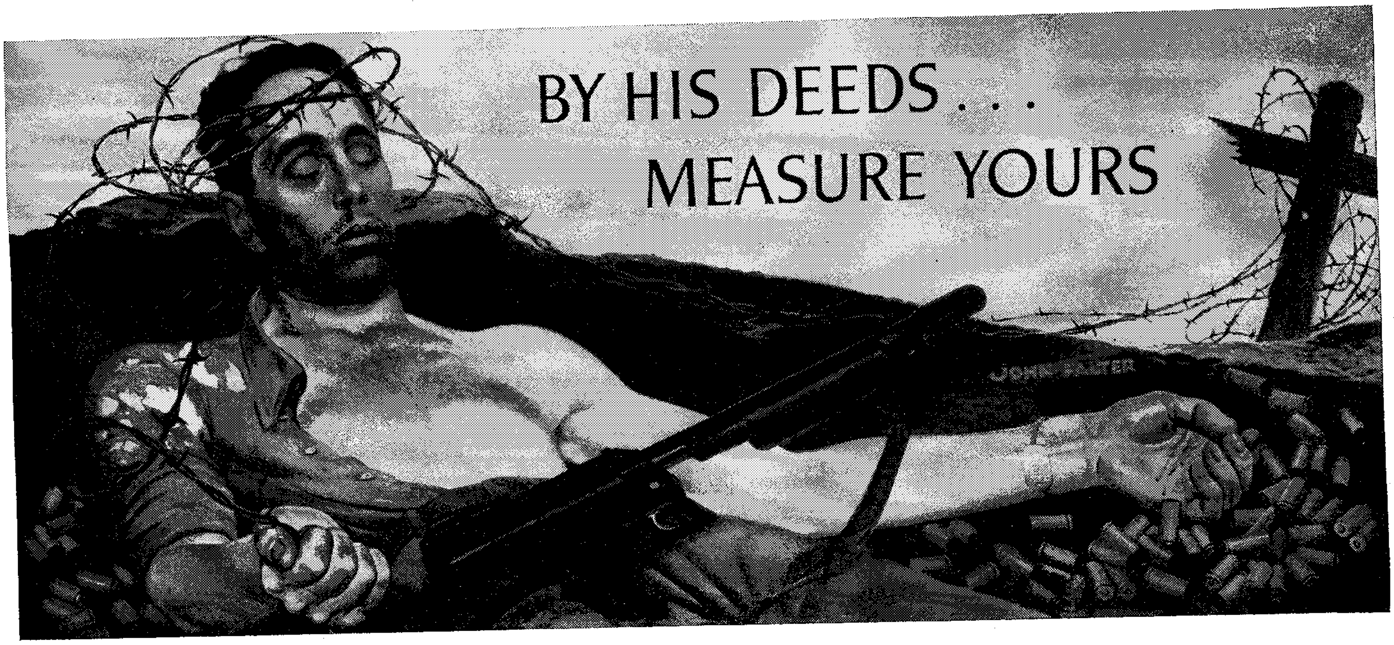
SALVAGE—The government is still asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal and to bear in mind that salvage should not be mixed; rags, for instance, should be kept separate from rubber. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of explosives. If you want to help out, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep-frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Householders are being urged to continue washing and flattening their tin cans after cutting out both ends and removing the labels. Your building superintendent will see that those you save reach the proper authorities.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are needed for making parachutes and gunpowder bags, among other things, and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Provisions for volunteering and for collecting salvage are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking guidance, but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any. If you can't locate an efficient one and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

DONATIONS—The Red Cross is very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army can use, right now, several hundred motion-picture projectors (16-mm. sound) for servicemen overseas. If you have one, you can give it to the Army by sending it back to the manufacturer, who will forward it to the proper receiving station. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will call for and distribute any phonographs and records, radios, musical instruments, floor lamps, and games (especially basketball and ping-pong equipment) which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. Cigarettes, of course, can always be used. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements.

IT is not pleasant to have your peaceful life upset by wartime needs and restrictions and activities.... It is not pleasant to die, either.... Between you who live at home and the men who die at the front there is a direct connection.... By your actions, definitely, a certain number of these men will die or they will come through alive. If you do everything you can to hasten victory and do every bit of it as fast as you can ... then, sure as fate you will save the lives of some men who will otherwise die because you let the war last too long.... Think it over. Till the war is won you cannot, in fairness to them, complain or waste or shirk. Instead, you will apply every last ounce of your effort to getting this thing done.... In the name of God and your fellow man, that is your job.



The civilian war organization needs your help. The Government has formed Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If such a group is at work in your community, cooperate with it to the limit of your ability. If none exists, help to organize one. A free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it will be sent to you at no charge if you will write to this magazine. This is your war. Help win it. Choose what you will do—now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA

Germaine Monteil

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

VERBALONEY NOTE: We think the Department of Agriculture ought to be told that the best way to mobilize public opinion in favor of the black market is to let the man who broadcasts its consumer radio programs go on using the word "meatlegger."

BEDROCK NOTE: Mainbocher is featuring a checked gingham house dress; $200 plain, $295 with sequins.

THE least satisfying essay we have seen on the subject of isolation was written by an advertising man for an airplane company. He described the shrinking of the world, the ease with which anyone could hop from one point on the earth to any other point. He concluded with the curious observation that, the world being what it is today, the United States should see to it that it (the U. S.) achieves unquestioned supremacy of the air in the postwar world.

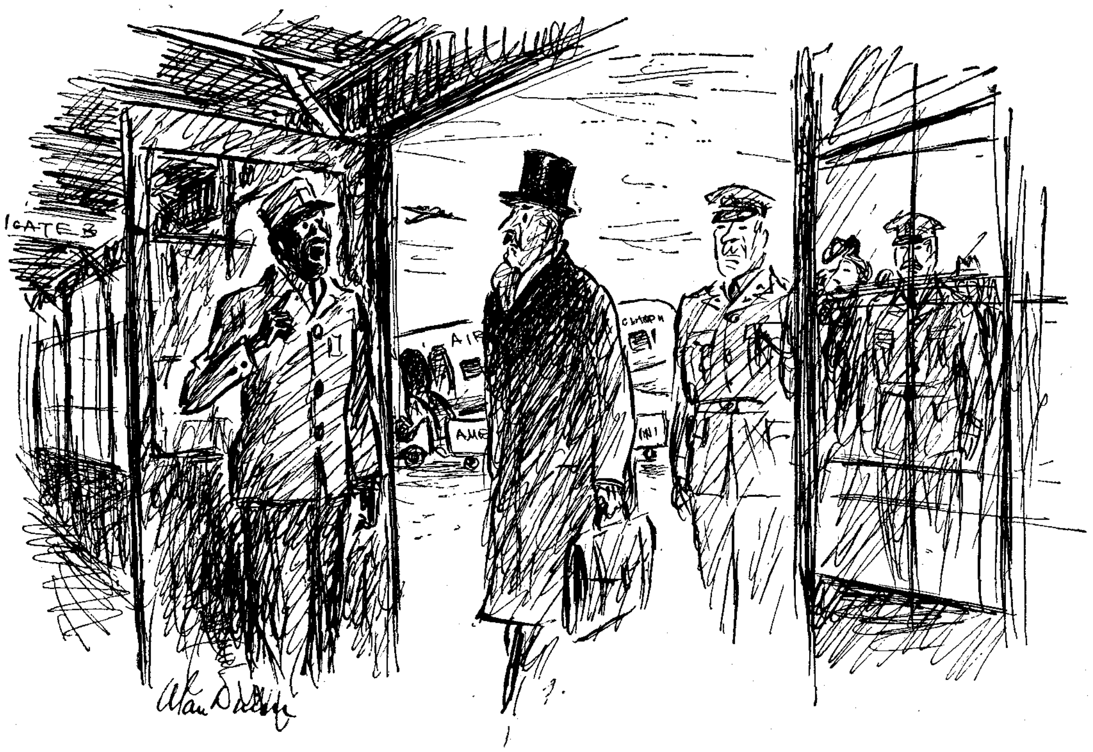
This conclusion, mystical and spooky though it is, seems to be a fairly common one. We find it hard to arrive at, either logically or superstitiously. If it appears necessary to an American that America should assume control of the air, then presumably it seems necessary to an Englishman that England should, and to a Russian that Russia should, and to a German that Germany should. The postwar world thus becomes simply an extension of the prewar world, same rules, same outlook. We should all get out our little book on logic and study hard. The answer must be in there somewhere.

WE have lately come across a good deal of rumbustious writing about a postwar world in which machines, curbed and guided by brawny American men, will create on this continent a paradise, or futurama. Now, most of this writing about machines was done *on* machines, and it's a good thing you weren't there to see *how* it was done. The relations of Man and Machine, as typified by the relations of writer and typewriter, still leave practically everything to be desired. There's a strongly persistent tradition of gentility which prevents a writer from trying to find out exactly how a writing machine works. Most of the writers we know run their typewriters about as well as your Great-Aunt Martha used to run her electric coupé, and are elaborately proud of their ineptness. Recently, at a congress of literary men who meet in a saloon and mold the bartender's opinions, we heard a hapless writer formally ostracized because his right-hand margin roughly corresponded to his left-hand margin. He had simply discovered that it's possible to set the margin indicator so that a bell rings when you're near the end of the line, but his colleagues plainly believed that he had been trafficking with the devil, or at least with William Seabrook.

THE fitting of a *mot juste* into its proper place is less important these days than the launching of a Liberty ship, but it still touches off invisible rockets and inaudible chimes. We last observed these phenomena in Central Park, of all places, where we stopped to watch a young lady feed peanuts to a bevy of squirrels. "They always look so enthusiastic, don't they?" she murmured. The squirrels, unaware that they had just been provided with a form-fitting, handsome, and durable *mot*, continued to eat peanuts, enthusiastically.

THERE is a sort of busman's-holiday air about the Army's distribution of 750,000 pairs of dice among the boys. For business the boys take a chance with their lives, under Army auspices, and for relaxation they take a chance with their cash. At least we *assume* that they are going to take a chance with their cash. Colonel Henry B. Barry, of the Quartermaster Depot over in Jersey City, says that the Army does not endorse gambling or any other product; it merely "supplies things that keep the morale high." However, it might have been a good thing, to forestall squawks from certain quarters, if the Army had passed out parcheesi boards with the dice. As it is, people may get the idea that the boys are just going to shoot craps, a method of redistributing the wealth that has nothing in common with the announced aims of our President and Vice-President and other leading philosophers.

A WAITER in a Mexican restaurant to which we took a Marine from Texas has just given us the most encouraging word we have yet had on the war. Overhearing our conversation about the fighting in Tunisia, he chimed in with a fine Latin informality. "Don't you worry about that Rommel," he told us reassuringly. "They going to drive him right in the water." A trifle skeptical, we asked what made him so confident. "Listen," he said, "I



"Carry your dossier, suh?"

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know those gringos. They never sleep the whole damn afternoon."

Code

OUT on the Coast, two young people, both refugees from German-occupied countries, eloped to Montana and got married. When this news leaked out, a group of their friends in Los Angeles, also refugees, hurried to a telegraph office to wire congratulations but were brought up short by the current ban on telegrams of a purely social nature. They went into a huddle and, after a certain amount of discussion, each one wrote out a telegram acceptable for wartime transmission. One read, "50,000 ZLOTYS DEPOSITED IN SWISS BANK," and the others were equally concerned with mundane things: "JEWELS SAFE," "BONDS TURNED OVER TO RIGHT PARTY," "DIAMONDS DELIVERED BY ARMENIAN UNDERTAKER," etc. The explanation is perfectly simple; perhaps you've already guessed. In the days when these folk were trying to get their worldly goods out of reach of Hitler, confirmatory telegrams from Stockholm, Zurich, and other neutral centres were couched in a rough sort of code. For instance, "UNCLE ALFRED VERY ILL" would mean that the transaction had failed, while "HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS" or any variants would mean that the zlotys or diamonds were safe. By putting this code in reverse, they managed to get their good wishes through. The couple understood perfectly, and the bride wrote them all nice notes of thanks.

Jap Eugenics

SCARY little men in bars will sometimes whisper that the Japanese are a formidable foe because they have, after centuries of scientifically arranged breeding, produced a caste of supermen, or what in Japan would pass for supermen. Japanese aviators, they tell you, are plainly a race apart from the ordinary, runty, bespectacled, hollow-chested Japanese citizen, and must have been bred for points, as Japanese wrestlers are bred for brawn. Well, this theory interested us enough for us to investigate, and we have been assured by several anthropologists that the theory is receiving no credence in scientific circles. They concede the fact that the huge wrestlers are specially bred but add that there is no great trick to breeding simply for size, if you don't care whether or not the resulting child is very smart. It would be something else again to breed a Jap both strong and smart.

The superior Japs, which the anthropologists admit do exist in limited numbers, are probably just the well-known samurai, the old caste of aristocrats and militarists. As a group, we are told, they're physically and mentally above the average peasant or city-dwelling Jap. They're not a pure strain, however. Although legal mates must be chosen within the group, a samurai is free to take a concubine from a lower social stratum, and the children of the union become samurai in good standing. Since only the most intelligent and handsome concubines would manage to land a samurai sugar daddy, it follows that their offspring would improve the strain, in somewhat the way the British aristocracy has been brightened up by the ladies of the theatre whom the peers have taken to wife in the past couple of generations. Matter of fact, Japan is the last place in the world in which to look for inbreeding, because of the widespread custom of perpetuating a family name by adopting people who may not even be blood relatives.

A Japanese family tree often goes back for hundreds of years in an unbroken line, but only because it contains the wildest fictions: illegitimate children can be legitimized by a simple declaration that you want them legitimized; your own sister can adopt you as her son; it's even possible to revive an extinct family by getting some amiable person to take the name and promise to worship at the old family shrine; and it's a common custom for wealthy business families to adopt the brightest young men in the enterprise, much as an Occidental firm takes in a young partner.

All this casts certain doubts on Hirohito's family tree. The fact that in any aristocratic family concubines outnumber wives a good five to one and the convention of taking the will for the deed by adopting an heir make it plain that the Son of Heaven must have some pretty odd relatives. For instance, there's his grandmother. An anthropologist called our attention to a book written in 1903 by one Sidney Gulick which offers proof that Hirohito's grandfather, Meihi, had thirteen children by his empress and five concubines; only two survived, both concubines' children. One of them, Yoshihito, was proclaimed the heir to the throne. Hirohito was his son. There are also fair, though less well-documented, reasons for believing that Hirohito's mother also was a concubine. If we

Americans played those rules, we'd *all* be aristocrats.

Distraction

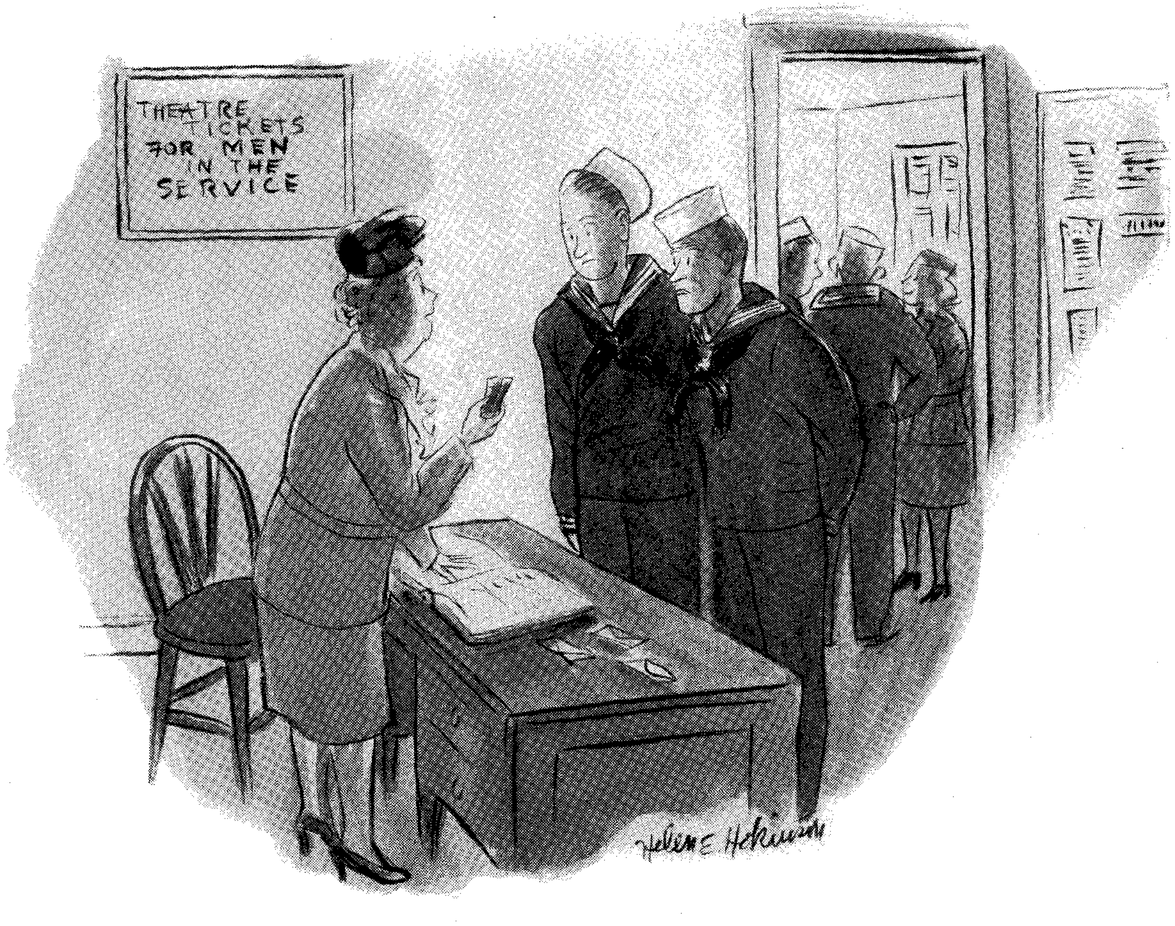
A DOG of our acquaintance, a Kerry blue named Seán, has two interests in life—obsessions, you might almost call them. He likes to chew leather and he likes to answer the telephone. (He picks up the hand part of the apparatus in his teeth.) Usually leather goods are kept out of his sight and the telephone out of his reach, but every time it rings he rushes to it and stands around gazing up at it wistfully. The other morning his mistress went out to do her neighborhood shopping and, in the middle of it, realized that she had left an expensive handbag lying on a couch, right where Seán was sure to find it. With the ready wit that dog-owners develop in the struggle for survival, she rushed for a pay station and called her apartment. She let the phone ring half a dozen times and then dashed for home, stopping at every pay station on the way to put in a call. When she got home, there was Seán waiting for the next telephone call, and the handbag on the couch practically untasted.

Paperhanger

DOUGLAS LEIGH, the young electric-sign entrepreneur whom we have mentioned in these pages from time to time, is now groping his way through the eleventh month of the dimout in a mood of resignation. His sixteen large signs, visible day and night in the area between Columbus Circle and Forty-second Street a year ago, are converted to little more than mere billboards, visible only in the daytime. "The dimout's turned us into lousy paperhangers," he told us last Thursday, without bitterness. Since the signs are visible only about half the normal time, he has taken a corresponding cut in his income from advertisers. Nowadays he works half his time for the Treasury Department (as who does not?), his particular task being to coin publicity ideas. He is responsible, among other things, for that red-white-and-blue Fifth Avenue bus plastered with patriotic mottoes. His next project, he hopes, will be stencils for sidewalks, garbage cans, and other such available areas; one sidewalk stencil may be a footprint with the legend "Step on It—Buy a Bond." Speaking of his commercial activities, he says, "What we are all trying to do is sit tight just as we are, and long may the status quo."

One sign that is successful, dimout or no dimout, is the one with a man smoking a Camel and blowing smoke rings. "In many ways this all by itself makes the dimout worth while," he told us gaily. "We might never have got around to it if we had remained preoccupied with electricity. I'm not ashamed to say it's the best idea which has hit our business in years." Before materials got as scarce as they are now, Leigh put up twelve other smoke-ring signs in other cities. All of them are a howling success, and Leigh has decided that the reason for this is that the average person is a frustrated smoke-ring blower. "It really gets them," he said, "even in Pittsburgh." Every four months he puts the smoker in a different service; at the moment he's an Army pilot and next month he may be a Marine. Another steam device, the Silex coffee cup, is still puttering along, getting a certain amount of attention, and so is the Schaefer Beer number, with two hands holding glasses which they clink together. This one was made out of two signs which already stood on the site and which he pieced together with low-priority plywood. "I won't deny that this was ingenious," Leigh says.

The Coca-Cola sign up at Columbus Circle gave Leigh as much trouble as it possibly could. Right after we went into the war, orders came through from the government that no weather predictions could be made public before six o'clock in the evening. Leigh changed the sign to give "Today's Temperature" in big, lighted numbers instead of "Tomorrow's Weather," and just when that was working nicely the dimout decree came through. Anyway, Leigh doesn't have to keep a repair crew now—just lets the chores mount up until it's worth


THEATRE TICKETS FOR MEN IN THE SERVICE
Helene Hokinson

"Well, it's about the editor of a women's fashion magazine who doesn't know what in the world's the matter with her, and so she goes to a psychoanalyst—not intending to take him seriously, of course—and then, lo and behold . . ."

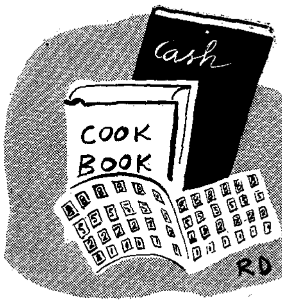
while to hire one man for a day; a year ago he sometimes had as many as sixty men working for him, counting construction and repair crews. He has sixty thousand light bulbs, more or less, tied up in his signs and has no intention of taking them down to store for the duration. For one thing, he says, the depreciation is only about ten per cent a year (an estimate based on the number of dead bulbs he counted after leaving a sign in Atlantic City unattended from September to May one year), and this number would probably get broken in handling; another thing, the sockets would rust. We gathered, however, that these practical considerations didn't weigh as heavily with Leigh as the desire to put a little pep into Times Square on armistice night. All his competitors have dismantled their signs, except the one on the north side of the square advertising Pepsi-Cola. "It will still be a great armistice night with just us and Pepsi-Cola," he said. "I like to think that if the right words came over the radio at eleven o'clock at night, all we'd have to do would be throw a few switches, and bingo, it would be like the old days."

Improper Diet

AN anxious-looking matron popped into a Madison Avenue pharmacy the other afternoon and asked for something to settle her stomach. Either by way of simple explanation or perhaps to assist the druggist in his choice of a remedy, she said, "I had lunch in Brooklyn."

Fairy Chess

SOME weeks ago, noticing a reference in the chess column of the New York *Post* to a variation of the game called Fairy Chess, we made inquiry. We'll admit right now that nothing much came of it; we now know that there *is* such a thing as Fairy Chess, but that's about all we do know. The problem editor of the magazine called *Chess Correspondent*, a scholarly young man named Geoffrey Mott-Smith, is the foremost American exponent of Fairy Chess, and it was to him that we applied for information. When we bluntly asked how the game is played, he told us that it isn't exactly a game, nor is it played; more like making up problems, he said, but you aren't expected to solve them. Instead of using the orthodox chessboard, you can use one of any size and shape. You can also invent new pieces, and the object of the problem is not necessarily to checkmate the opposing king—if you like, you can set out to checkmate yourself, or you and your opponent may agree to checkmate one of your rooks or knights. (By the by, we should have said that people who don't play regular chess are excused from this lecture.)



"The pure mathematician is not interested in the practical application of his formulae," Mr. Mott-Smith reminded us. "In fact, he's crestfallen if a practical application is discovered. So with the Fairy Chess composer. He is interested only in the theme and weaving of the pieces." The extent to which the Fairy Chess people have withdrawn from the practical world may be judged by the names of the pieces they have invented—grasshoppers, camels, wazirs, night riders, zebras, empresses, templars, leapfrogs, fers, and alfils, to name but a few. Sometimes a composer will sidle off into infinity by creating what are called multiboard and pluribox problems. A multiboard problem stipulates an infinite number of squares, so your queen can go whizzing out into interstellar space in pursuit of an alfil or a zebra. In pluribox problems, there are an infinite number of each of the pieces. By the time Mr. Mott-Smith had told us all this, we were whimpering softly, but he assured us that he hadn't told us the best part. Some composers, it seems, stipulate cylindrical boards, and others prefer three-dimensional boards, in which the men can submerge beneath the surface for hours at a time. "Fairy Chess is a fine art," Mr. Mott-Smith said, trying to be helpful.

The English are way, way ahead of us in their appreciation of Fairy Chess, largely through the efforts of one T. R. Dawson. "Dawson is matchless," said Mr. Mott-Smith, who, by the way, isn't English himself. "Simply the greatest composer of our time. He has completely discarded orthodoxy." Fairy Chess has had a hard row to hoe in the United States. For instance, Mr. Mott-Smith explained, the *Chess Review*, an American magazine, came out a few years ago with a six-page Fairy Chess department conducted by an enthusiast named Maxwell Bukofzer. After a couple of issues Bukofzer demanded ten pages. The editors refused, and Bukofzer quit in a huff. "It was a great shame," Mr. Mott-Smith says. "Bukofzer simply wasn't resilient enough." Mr. Mott-Smith himself is resilient enough to take up a fair share of space in his own magazine with Fairy Chess, and in addition he conducts a correspondence with some fifty American composers of Fairy Chess problems. He showed us a six-page letter from one of them, which said, in part, "I selected from my collection of the works of the Hungarian composers the enclosed six examples of helpmates. They use the traditional rules; some are spectacular, some quaint, but all of them are full of humor." We looked over a few of the examples and laughed our head off.

Business Letter

WE submit, as a model of crisp business-letter English, the following note, which was received by a little flibbertigibbet who had had her picture taken in a night club:

Dear Madan—

We are very sorry to inform that the photograph taken on EL CHICO last night was busted for one or other reason. Consequently, we are including herewith the ammont paid for, equeals to $1.00

Hopping to be more successfully in a nearer opportunity, we beg to remain,

Very truly yours,
Joseph Photo Service Co.

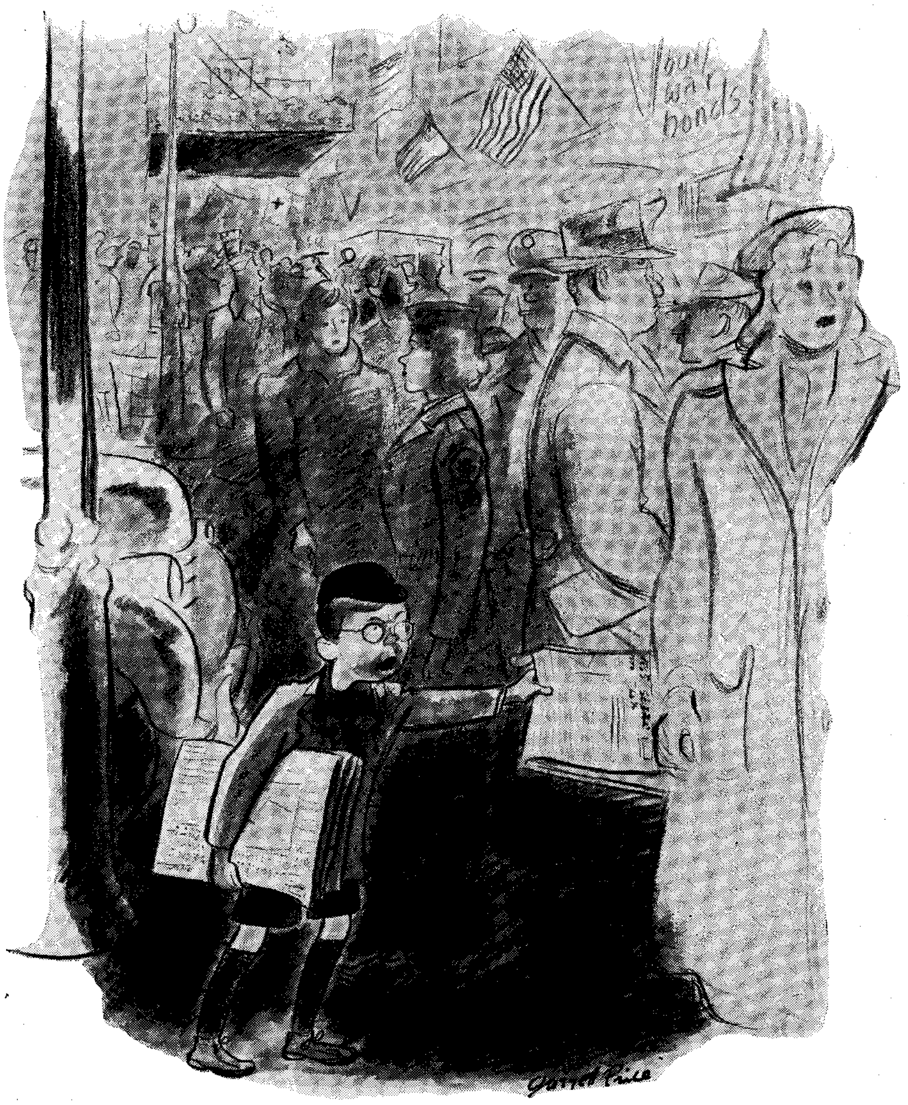
110

LAST week we were in touch a couple of times with 110 East Forty-fifth Street; 110, as you may have learned, is the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue for the Third New York District. Our spirit of adventure first led us around there during what we figured (correctly) would be the big rush hour: 11 P.M. to midnight of Monday, March 15th. The joint was a shambles. From the moment we stepped into the elevator, we were in the middle of what might easily be called a milling throng. We asked the elevator operator if he thought he'd be able to turn off the flood when the time came. "Don't see how," he said. Furthermore, he didn't see why, taking a long view of the thing. "If people want to pay their money, how can you say no?" he asked.

On the fourth floor, where taxpayers went to pay in person, a man was directing traffic. "Cashiers to your right, information to your left," he said, and when he got through saying it, he said it again. Down the hall was another man who might as well have been a phonograph. His message was: "Fill out a receipt before you go to the cashier's window." There were ten windows, each with a line of twenty-five or thirty people before it. Behind the cashiers we saw a large office containing many girls working at desks, with large piles of returns in front of them and sets of rubber stamps. We looked up a Mr. Johnson, assistant to the Collector, and asked him what was going on back there. He told us that the girls were handling the returns that were sent in by mail with checks or money orders attached. One check had already come in that day for more than the entire amount collected at this office between March 1 and 15, 1940. Gives you an idea of the trend of the times. "Back there is big stuff," Mr. Johnson said. "Out here it's chicken feed. It takes quite a while out here to collect a million dollars."

Just as we were leaving Mr. Johnson, an altercation broke out between a taxpayer who had stepped out of line and one of the white-capped guards who were all over the corridors. "I've got my rights," said the taxpayer. "I've got *my* rights," said the guard. We went over to where information and assistance were being given. Clerks were seated at tables along one wall of a hallway and beside them sat taxpayers with problems. One of these was a police sergeant who was of the opinion that his contribution to the Police Relief Fund rated deduction on the ground that it was a charity. "It's more in the nature of an assessment," said the tax man. "I'd say it was charity," the sergeant insisted, but anyone could have seen that the odds were all against him. Farther along we saw a man just sitting down by himself with a tax blank and a thick volume entitled "Income Tax Money-Saving Guide." We happened by the auditing department, where we found a Mr. Domiano, an auditor, leaning against a pillar and taking a breather. He told us that all people then on the premises would be permitted to file their returns but not many more, for the doors downstairs were about to be closed. We looked at our watch and saw that it was five minutes to March 16th. "This is when the cabaret crowd starts rushing in," said Mr. Domiano. "I already saw one of them—a guy leading one of those dashhounds on a leash, and the *guy* was going 'Arf, arf.' The dog wasn't doing anything."

We called back at 110 on Friday. The halls were bare of furniture and of taxpayers, except for one woman with a return in her hand who was consulting at the auditing counter with nobody else but our Mr. Domiano. After she had gone, we asked him if she was a late filer. "You might say she was late," said Mr. Domiano. "She got this year's return in on time O.K., but now she's decided to pay up last year's."



"Commerce group urges unfreezing of idle inventories! FSA faces fight with House committee over farm program! Republican bloc supports substitute for Ruml plan! Read all about it!"

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Appropriate

THREE young blades who used to work in the same advertising agency and share an apartment together recently joined the Navy in a body. As things fell out—or as they contrived to make things fall out—they got their first leaves together, and, since they hadn't yet succeeded in subletting their place, decided to open it up, get in touch with their colored ex-cook, and have a nice, private binge. The cook, of the genial type, was delighted at the prospect of this reunion, and promised them a dinner such as they'd never dreamed of. It was, too, but for the dessert, which was a voluptuously built layer cake, enticing in every respect except that it looked—well, sort of dirty. All three passed up the cake, offering the best excuses they could think of, and this so grieved the servitor that, while bringing on the coffee, she came right out and asked what was the matter. They finally told her that the cake had probably stood so long at the bakery that the icing had got dusty; anyway, it seemed dusty. "Dusty!" she cried. "Ah made dat cake mahself. Dat frostin's battleship gray, in honor of you bein' sailors."

US OHIO BOYS, WE WANDER

MRS. MASSIE got off the uptown bus at Fifty-fourth Street, crossed Lexington—dark now, and almost deserted in the dimout—and started west toward Park. She had gone about halfway up the block before she realized she was being followed. It was a man; she could tell that by a kind of hard ring the footsteps had, and there seemed to be something purposeful about them, too. When she realized what she might be in for—Laura Massie was just past forty, but she was a good-looking woman still and she had had to fight off attempted pickups before—a sort of helpless, half-disgusted rage took hold of her.

Dogs nosing on a scent—that was the figure that always came to her mind when she thought of such episodes. She wasn't frightened, exactly. There was a pale streak of light reaching out from the apartment house just ahead and beyond that the awning at her own apartment house. She could run for it if she had to. What bothered her most was the humiliation: there would be a pale, strange, excited face peering at her, a voice whispering, perhaps a hand clutching at her arm; she would have to be brisk, grim, harsh, even threatening.

Though she couldn't have quite told why, it was with something like relief that she saw, when the man finally overtook her, that he was a soldier. A young soldier, too; he had caught up with her just in front of the first apartment house and, perhaps with guile, had passed between her and the entrance, so that the light shone on her face and not on his. But even in silhouette there was no mistaking the youthfulness of his profile, and there was something so incongruous about the soft line of his chin and the blunt, boyish nose beneath the stiff-visored military cap that she could hardly keep from smiling. A boy of twenty, she thought; hardly more. He looked at her as he passed, looked away, then looked back. By this time he was a few steps ahead of her, and they were beyond the doorway; the sidewalk around them was dark again. "My!" he said. His voice was high and wiry, and in his excitement it seemed to crack a little. He spoke rapidly. "I sure thought you was someone I knew."

"Did you?" Laura said. He hardly gave her a chance to speak. "Mm-hmm," he said. Now that there was no light behind him she could make out his face more clearly; it was curiously triangular, with a sharp, pointed chin, small mouth, and small, wide-set eyes under eyebrows that arched impertinently. "Somebody from my home town," he went on. Suddenly he leaned closer. "Sure you don't come from Cincinnati?" he demanded.

Laura shook her head. She was no longer scared; she just wanted to see what would happen next. "I'm terribly sorry," she said, but she kept her voice crisp and a little distant.

The remark seemed to confuse him. "Sorry?" he repeated. "What about?"

"Well, I mean—you were following me because you thought I was someone you knew, someone from Cincinnati. And I'm not. So that ends it, doesn't it?" She had stopped to give point to her little speech, and he stopped too. His eyebrows went up still further as he stared at her. Then suddenly he reverted to the same quick tone he'd been using before. "Mm-hmm," he said. He took a quick step backward, as if to get a better view of her, then stepped forward again. "I mighta known, though. No Buckeye gal'd be as good-looking as you are. What do you New York girls do, anyhow, to make you look so beautiful?"

It was a "line," then, as Laura had suspected, and it was so innocently obvious that she couldn't restrain herself. She laughed outright. Then she stopped and looked at him more closely. He had a farmerish sort of build, loose and lanky, but he also had something of the cocky, confident air of a city boy. He puzzled her. "Do you really come from Cincinnati?" she asked.

"Me? From Cincinnati? Listen, you want me to name you the streets? You know Walnut? You know Main Street? You know Gilbert Avenue, out toward McMicken?" Laura was shaking her head and watching him amusedly, and he made his little back-and-forth movement again, this time so quickly and rhythmically it seemed almost like a dance step. "Don't be like that," he went on. "Look, let's go places, huh?"

REPAIRING
THE RAPID SHOE REPAIR
LADIES LIFTS
MEN'S HALF SOLES

Laura shook her head again.

"Why not, huh?"

"No, really," Laura said. "It's so foolish."

"Why's it foolish?"

Laura laughed. "Well, I'm just not the type, that's all. I'm an old married woman, I'm afraid. I should think what you'd want is some young thing, someone lively. You want someone to go dancing with, and so on."

"And so on," he said. He stood and looked at her for a moment. "You ain't old," he said.

"I'm old enough to know I'd look silly going out with you," Laura said, a little sharply. She pulled her fur closer about her neck and looked at him. "What made you come up in this section of town, anyway?" she asked.

He had begun another of his little dance steps, but this time he stopped in the midst of it. "Why shouldn't I?" he demanded.

"Well, it's dull. It's—well, it's what I suppose you'd call residential. All just homes, and apartment houses, and so on. And especially if you're looking for a pickup. . . . What you'd want is Times Square, I should think, or the Village. Where the fun is."

"Yeah?" he said.

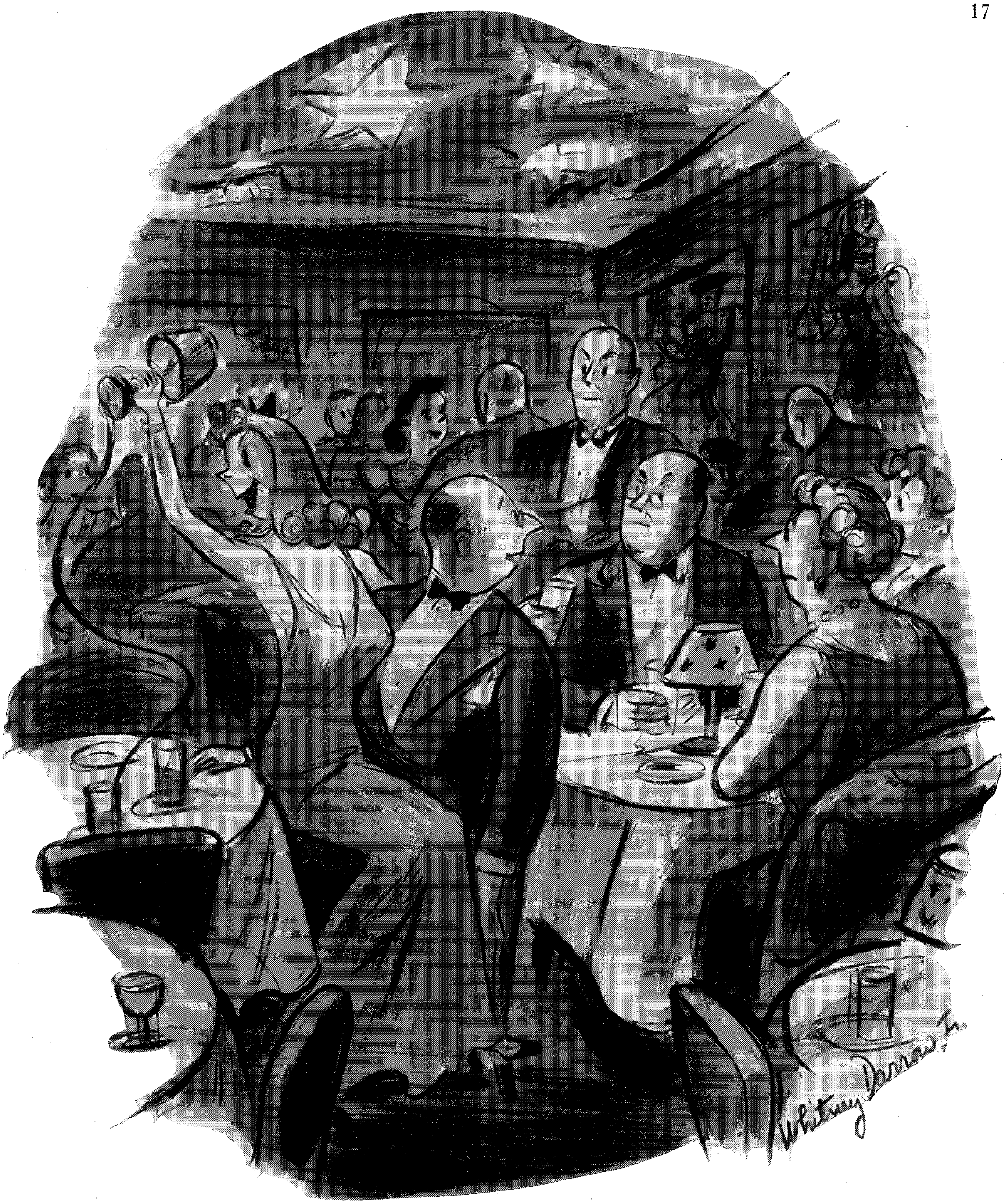
For some reason his tone annoyed her. "Yes," said Laura.

He was standing quite still now, looking at her. "Well, I was just wandering around," he said slowly. "And I wandered up here. Us Ohio boys, we wander. I didn't know it was such high-class territory." Then he added suddenly, "I got plenty of money, if that's what's worrying you."

"I'm sure you have," Laura told him. "But you can't tempt me that way." She took a step forward and glanced at him. "You can see me to my door, if you like," she suggested.

"Yes?" he said.

LAURA knew what was coming an instant before it happened, but the warning came too late to be acted upon; before she could turn or move he had flung himself almost literally upon her, and the onslaught was so abrupt and so awkward that at first her knees gave under her; a touch more and the two of them would have gone sprawling on the



"She's not really mine. I'm just watching her for a friend."

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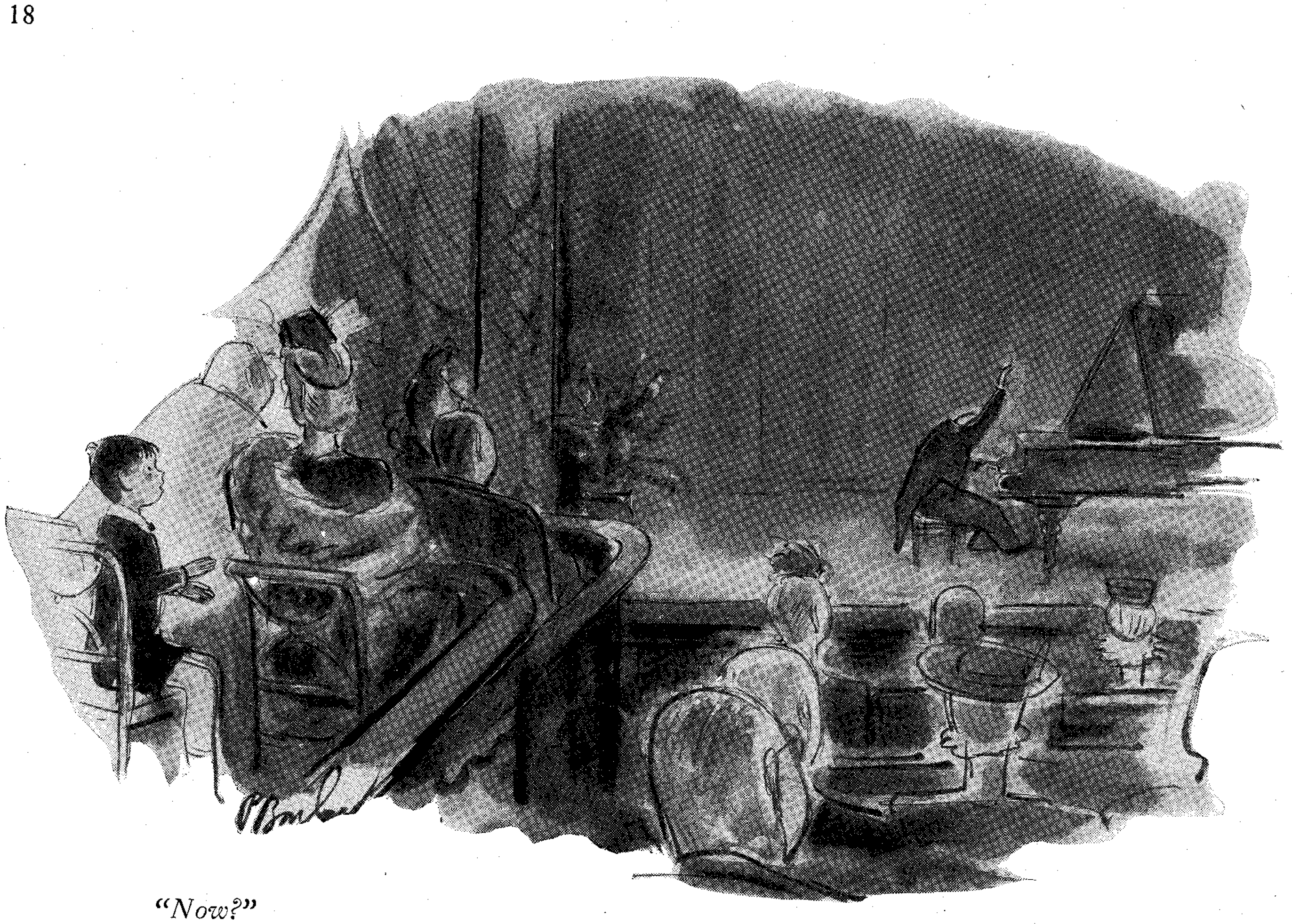
sidewalk together. She felt his chin thrust hard against her cheek as he tried to force his mouth on hers and she heard his quick breathing. As she twisted frantically away, she found her face squeezed hard, almost smotheringly hard, against the rough cloth of his shoulder. Then a wave of panic took hold of her. She wrenched free and ran for her doorway.

Or perhaps he released her; she was never quite sure afterward. Anyway, he made no attempt to follow her, and when she reached her doorway and glanced back he was still standing there in the middle of the sidewalk. As she turned, he burst into a shout of laughter. "So long, high society! How's your neighborhood now?" he yelled, his voice high and shrill like a nagging child's. Or maybe he was trying to imitate her; that, too, was something Laura could never be sure of. "Guess you learned something now, hey?" he yelled. "Ooh,



"Now?"

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I'm terribly sorry." He had inched his way forward a little and he was teetering back and forth in that odd, excited movement of his; for a moment she thought he might rush at her again. Just then the door opened behind her.

It was Charles, the doorman, tall, long-jowled, and flustered-looking, as usual. "Why, good evening, Mrs. Massie," he was saying, and at sight of him the boy on the sidewalk turned quickly and marched back toward Lexington. He really marched, too, Laura noticed, straight-backed and even-stepping, and even after he disappeared in the darkness she could hear his footsteps, strict and sharp and definite. "I was just down speaking to the furnaceman," Charles was saying. He was holding the door open for her and looking at her curiously. "And when I came up I thought I heard shouting outside. Was there some disturbance?"

They were in the lobby now, which was warm and well lighted, and at sight of the smooth, discreet walls, the thick carpet, and the tapestries, Laura felt her assurance returning. After all, it had been exciting; it would be something to talk about. She also, illogically, felt a desire to shock Charles. "Nothing much," she said. She put her hand to her hat and straightened it; it was that, probably, that Charles had been staring at when she came in. "Just a young man trying to pick me up. A soldier," she added, as Charles stared.

"Why—why—why, Mrs. Massie!" he exclaimed. There was a certain maneuver, Laura had often noticed, that Charles went through. First he held the door open for you until you had passed. Then he darted obliquely ahead, led the way to the elevator, stopped there, and waited until you'd passed him again. Then he followed you into the elevator. Charles was in the darting-ahead stage now, but he stopped in his tracks and glanced first at the street door and then at the house switchboard. "A soldier?" he repeated. "And he annoyed you? Don't you think we should call the police?"

Laura laughed. "Heavens, no. And he's gone now, anyway. We just wrestled. And he told me all the names of the streets in Cincinnati."

Charles' jowls were quite crimson now. "It's this dimout!" he cried. "And these soldiers. Don't you think we should notify the police, Ma'am, really? After all, if they start coming into this neighborhood—"

Laura felt her heart beat once, then stop, then begin again. "No police," she said as soon as she could say anything, and she turned toward the elevator. "After all, I got off with my honor intact." She had been talking just to keep talking, but this time she saw that she had really shocked Charles. Without a word he plunged past her to lead the way to the elevator; without a word he ushered her into the car. Drunk, he thinks I'm drunk, Laura told herself as they started upward, and the thought kept something like laughter fizzing inside her till they'd gone past the fourth or fifth floor. Then, a little to her surprise, but not entirely, she felt the fizzing prick upward into her eyes and realized she was crying.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From a letter a lady received from the Hotel New Yorker]

Victory and Peace very soon, we hope, with a return of good will on earth... Then, perhaps, some marvelous invention to help mankind to build a fuller, more satisfying life...

And finally, the privilege of having your organization with us for your next meeting. We'd mark THAT date in *red* on OUR calendar, Mrs. Payne!

CONSIDERATION OF THE POOR

IT was only eight o'clock in the morning, but Sara Thornton came to breakfast in her hat, an early spring model, brilliant red, with a wide brim that fanned off the face to accommodate her soft brown pompadour. The red hat was in sharp contrast to her cocoa-brown suit. "Kick me, Jack," she said to her husband. "I've made a hideous mistake."

"What's wrong?"

"Where you going, Mummie?" Sage, their six-year-old son, asked.

"Where you going, Mummie?" asked Susan, the three-and-a-half-year-old who sat beside him.

"Don't *echo*, Susan," Sara said. She kissed them both abstractedly on the top of the head and sat down and opened her napkin. "I'm coming to school with you," she said.

"Are you *really?*" Sage cried, bouncing up and down on his chair.

"I could die," Sara said. "What *can* she think of me?"

Jack watched her drink her orange juice. "Who?" he asked.

"Mrs. Crawford. She's what's called the class parent . . . Oh, good morning, Nellie."

Nellie, the Thorntons' servant, took the empty orange-juice glass and put down a plate with a poached egg and toast, and went out.

"Start at the beginning," Jack said.

"Well, I had two bundles," Sara began, "one full of discarded children's clothing for the school's charity, the other full of discarded stuff too, but practically all in rags and not children's clothing at all but an old jacket of yours out at the elbows, some shrunken old flannels, my old green house coat, and—oh God, it's sickening!—some torn woollen underpants of mine! Not even washed. Of course they weren't washed. Why should they have been?"

"What was that for?"

"Salvage! And that bundle went to the school three days ago. I just discovered the right bundle still in my closet."

Sage broke in. "We have to give things to The Poor that we really like, otherwise it isn't giving, is it?"

"The voice of Miss T.," Sara muttered to Jack.

Sage looked from one of his parents to the other. "I know who Miss T. is," he said. "It's Miss Thomas."

"No, Sage," Sara said, "it is not. And Sage, you will have to learn not to interrupt us if you're to eat in here. Otherwise you'll go back to the kitchen again."

"I don't pay three hundred dollars a year to what's supposed to be a liberal school just to get back nineteenth-century ideas like that one!" Jack exclaimed. "*The* Poor!"

"I know, Jack," Sara said quickly, warning him with a glance. "I'm going into that with Miss Thomas this morning if I have a chance."

"Do I know any of The Poor, Daddy?" Sage asked.

"Yes," said Jack, glancing at his watch. "Very well. Me." He belonged to a car pool which rounded up six men in the neighborhood and conveyed them to the station every morning in time for the eight-twenty-seven. He tried to be waiting at the curb when they drove up.

"Finish your milk, Susan," Sara said, but Susan slid under the table and Sara turned to Jack again. "The school was very explicit about what it wanted. Children's clothing only, and it had to be in good condition and clean. It was supposed to be attractive—"

"Where does Mrs. Crawford come in?"

"She's in charge of the collection from Sage's class. Sorts it out and so on. If it were any other mother in the school!"

"Why?"

"I know Timmy Crawford," said Sage. "He's on *my* side."

"I know Timmy Crawford," said Susan, who was sitting under the table untying her shoelaces.

"You do *not* know Timmy Crawford, either!" Sage shouted scornfully.

"Sage! Quiet!" Sara cried. She turned to Jack again. "Why? Because the Crawfords are rolling in money and she has four servants, who give her plenty of leisure to look like the perfect, thoughtful mother, not to say the perfect, thoughtful liberal who runs a half-dozen worthy committees. Haven't you ever seen their *house?* It's supposed to have six bathrooms."

"Have you ever seen it?"

"Often—from the outside," Sara said as she pushed the last bit of egg on the last bit of toast and put it angrily in her mouth. "Don't you see? She probably won't even see that it *is* a mistake!"

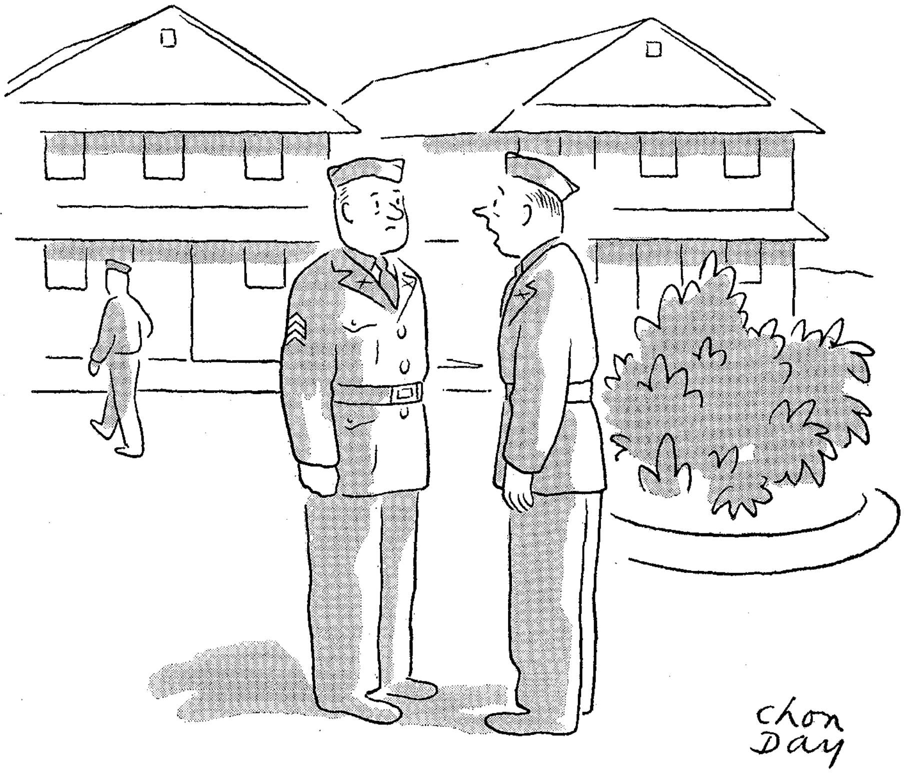
"Why are you going to the school?"

"To get the bundle back. It's a few women like Mrs. Crawford who are responsible for the atmosphere which produces the p-o-o-r."

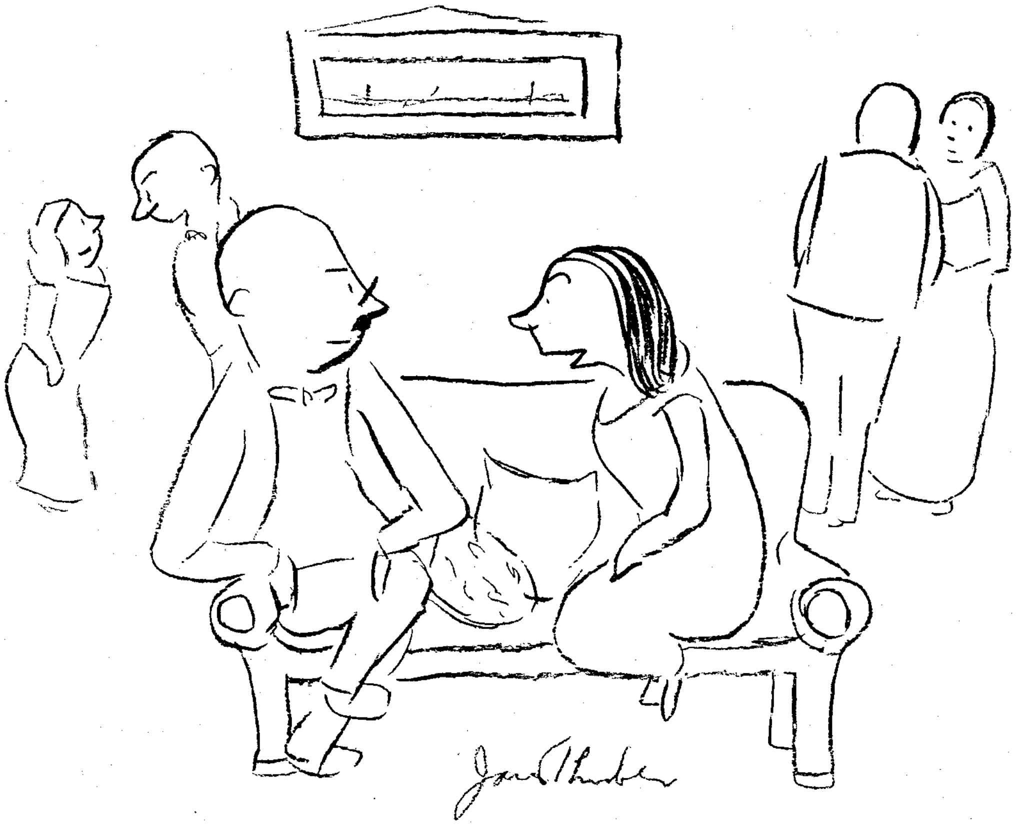
"P-o-o-r," Sage spelled after her. "I know! Poor. *The* Poor."

"The poor, the poor, the poor," sang Susan, still under the table, where she was fingering the suède bows on her mother's shoes.

"Be careful of my stockings, Susan," Sara said with irritation. "In fact, get



"I wonder if I could get off next Saturday afternoon to attend my wedding."



"I think of you as being enormously alive."

up off the floor. For heaven's sake, Susan. Come here." She took the child's hand and pulled her out from under the table. "You and Sage go to the kitchen and let Nellie help you on with your coats and things."

The children went out and Jack said, "I still think we should have sent them to a public school. Is this America or isn't it?"

"Darling," Sara said, "I believe in the public-school system just as much as you do. But everyone knows that the public schools in this town are worse than in any other town in Westchester. It's a disservice to a child—"

"Figure it out. Two hundred dollars for Susan in a nursery group, three hundred for Sage in first grade. It'll be five hundred dollars apiece by the time they get to the eighth grade. Aside from the little problem of where it's coming from, what are they getting for it?"

"Oh, Jack, that's not fair. They get a lot. Leafy Lane really does train for citizenship in a democracy—"

"My idea," Jack said, "is that when you're paying that kind of money, you're buying something else. Timmy Crawford's company, I guess." He glanced at his watch again. "I've got to go. Give 'em hell."

"That's just the point, Jack," Sara said eagerly. "The fact that I can, the fact that the school asks for parent criticism, shows that Mrs. Crawford is not the school. It really is—"

He kissed her before she could finish her sentence. "Be good," he said. "See you tonight."

"Goodbye, darling," she said, swallowed the last of her coffee, and called to the kitchen, "Hurry, children!"

LEAFY LANE SCHOOL consisted of ten low, new buildings and a playing field safely enclosed within a wall. The buildings had been weatherproofed but not painted and, in spite of the expert architecture and planning, looked casual, almost homely. Sara Thornton came through the gate with her two children, and carrying a bulky brown package by the string. She left the children at the door of the main building, where they attended the morning assembly of twenty minutes, and proceeded briskly along a winding gravel walk until she came to the first-grade building.

"Oh, good morning, Miss Thomas. I'm so glad I found you."

Miss Thomas, a young woman with colorless hair and glasses, was on her knees sorting a pile of large finger paintings. "Oh, good morning, Mrs. Thornton." She stood up and smoothed out the flowered gingham smock which covered her black dress. "I didn't expect you. The office always lets us know—"

"Oh, I'm not really visiting. I came about something else. About that package I sent up with Sage—the charity things. I've just found I sent the wrong one. This is the right one."

Miss Thomas took the package. "You can leave this, but I'm afraid the others have gone."

"Mrs. Crawford?" Sara asked tentatively.

"Yes. She's taken them all home with her."

"Oh dear."

"She must have them still. You could call her."

"Yes, I could," Sara said as she glanced unhappily at a row of paintings fastened on one wall. "Those are nice," she said.

"Some of them really do very well," Miss Thomas answered. She put the package on top of the schoolroom piano.

"Any of Sage's?" Sara asked casually.

"Well, no. There aren't any up now. I have some here—"

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

Miss Thomas glanced at her. "Well, it does, really," she said. "As a matter of fact, Mrs. Thornton, I've been wanting to have a chat with you about Sage. Sit down a moment, won't you?" She pointed to a child's chair, and after Sara sat down on it, her knees awkwardly high, Miss Thomas pulled up another chair like it and sat facing her. "Sage isn't doing as well as he should, you know. He is apparently unwilling to concentrate. He seems to lack direction or any real interest in what he's doing."

"I don't see—" Sara started crossly.

"I'll show you," Miss Thomas said. She knelt before the stack of paintings, quickly leafed through them, and laid two at Sara's feet.

"This is Sage's," she said, pointing to a chaotic mass of muddy colors, "and this is the little Jackson child's, a child no more promising than Sage but much better in his performance, you see."

Sara looked at a skeletal but recognizable locomotive passing over a rudimentary trestle. "I see," she said.

"When Sage paints," Miss Thomas

went on, "he rushes, as he does with everything. In the shop, or if you watched him with blocks, or his impatience with numbers, or when we do a little spelling, or rhythms—it's all the same. A mad scramble to finish a chore which has no interest for him."

"Isn't it the business of the school to give him direction, Miss Thomas?" Sara asked coldly.

"Yes," Miss Thomas said, "but we must have the coöperation of the parents. I've noticed, for instance, that you haven't been here nearly as often as most of the parents."

Sara stared at her.

"Please don't be offended. Of course you don't neglect him consciously. He's your child. But do you make him feel that he has a *place* in your life? It's so easy to take a child for granted. But no more easy than it is for a child to get the feeling that he's an outcast in an alien, adult world, neglected, even a burden, you know, a poor unfortunate—"

"*Poor?*" Sara echoed sharply.

"And then he may lose his whole sense of purpose, begin to make all sorts of complex compensations, identifications, develop anxieties—"

"I wanted to speak to you about something, too, Miss Thomas," Sara interrupted, but then, without warning, the door flew open and the class began to file in.

"To your lockers!" Miss Thomas shouted cheerfully, and, turning to the piano, struck out a series of martial chords.

Sara watched the children troop past her. At the end of the line came Sage. When he saw her, he stopped. "My mummie!" he shouted loudly, and the children turned to look at her. He ran and threw his arms about her thighs.

"Why, Sage!" she said uneasily. "Go along with the rest."

He looked up at her doubtfully and followed reluctantly after the line to the lockers in the next room.

"How happy he was to find you here! A display of interest is all—"

"Well, thank you, Miss Thomas," Sara said severely. "I'll come another time soon."

"But you wanted to ask me—"

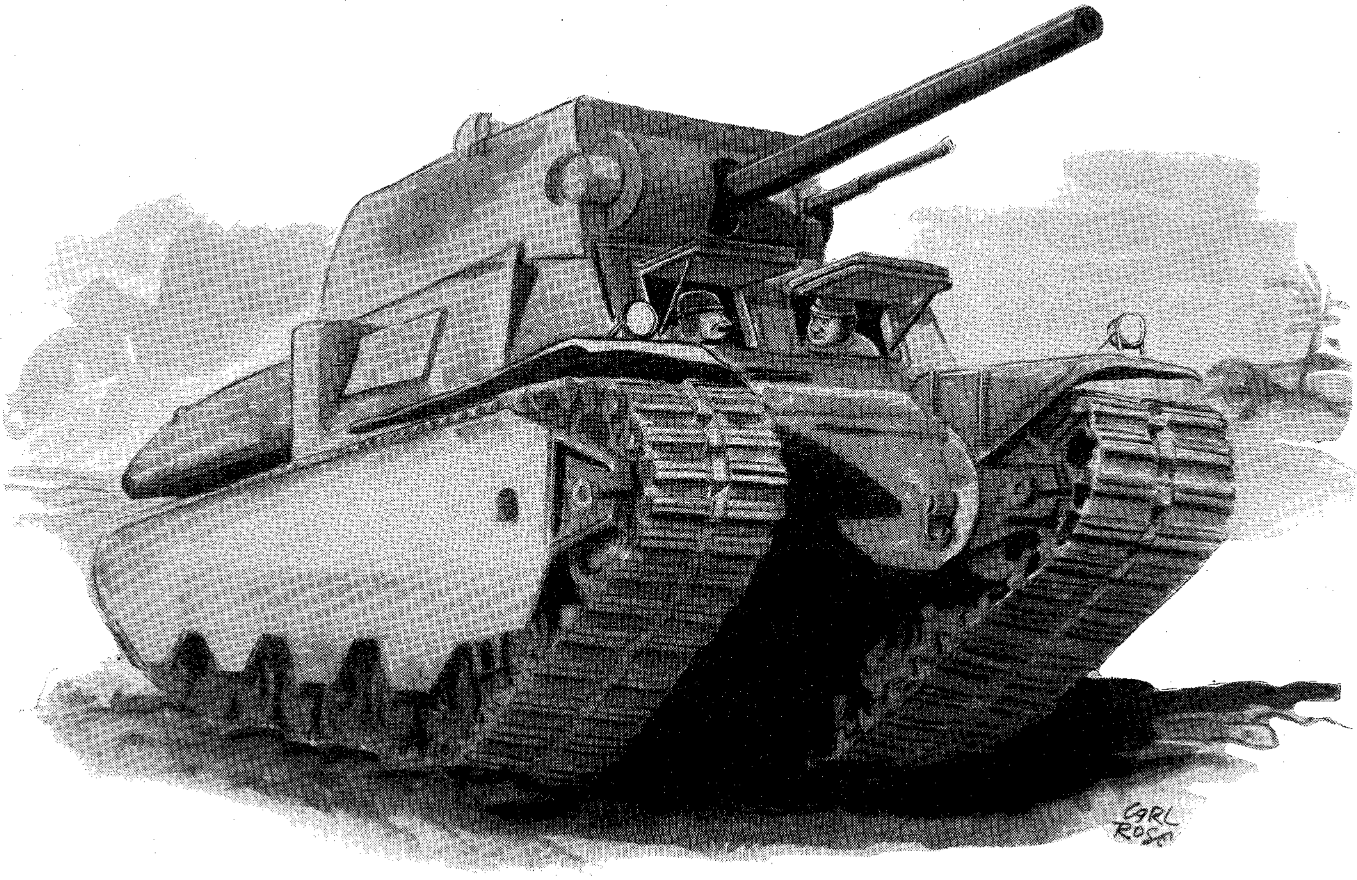
"Oh, not now that the children are back. And I do have to see Miss Graham for a moment."

Outside, on the gravel path, Sara began immediately to compose the remarks she would make to the head of the school. "I meant to take this up with Miss Thomas, but I doubt if she'd understand me. Leafy Lane is supposed to be liberal, isn't it, interested in our society, in today, in preparing our children to live in the twentieth century? But Miss Thomas seems to have some curiously outmoded ideas. Ever since the school's charity was first mentioned to him, my child has been talking incessantly about something which he calls The Poor. What *are* The Poor to him, a six-year-old? Some strange abstraction, the sort of notion one might have picked up in a Victorian boarding school. It doesn't seem either realistic or liberal. You know, Miss Graham, someone has called this the people's century. In another year we may all be penniless. Certainly it is not the time in history to instill in children such patronizing attitudes. The very smugness of that term—'The Poor!' I must say that the whole thing shocks me deeply."

Sara was at the main building and very angry. She went firmly through the door and into the office. "I'm Mrs. Thornton. May I see Miss Graham, please?" she said to the girl at the desk.

"Miss Graham's busy just now. Won't you wait?"

Sara sat down. She took off her hat and put it on the chair beside her. She would not wear it or even take it into



"Would you care to step outside and repeat that?"

MOURNFUL OBSERVATIONS ON THE DECLINE OF THE BELLYLAUGH AMONG THE DENIZENS OF WHAT'S LEFT OF GOD'S COUNTRY

FRONTIER HUMOR LACKS FORMER LUSTINESS, SAYS PROFESSOR
—*Headline in an Oklahoma newspaper.*

Do you mean, Professor, the old jokesmiths are gone,
With their wide and handsome, earthy, gusty tales?
As for instance:

the stranger says pardner does the wind blow this way all the time and the man said no stranger about half the time it turns round and blows the other way

the cowboy said to the short-order cook what soup have you got and the cook said nothing but oxtail and the cowboy said no make it ham and eggs that's too far back on a steer to get something to eat

the foreman said to the cowhand i gave you a hundred bucks and now you're broke and where is it and the cowhand said boss i spent twenty of it on women and song and twenty of it on booze and forty of it on dice and the rest of it i must have spent foolishly

Was that what you meant, Professor, in your lament,
Or did you have some other wonderful gags in mind?
Such as these:

the judge said to the old nester he said you saw these two trains coming lickety-split head on and you didn't do anything and the nester said no and the judge said didn't you even think anything and the nester said yes and the judge said what and the nester said i thought that's a hell of a way to run a railroad

the homesteader came home and pulled a side of bacon out of the wagon and his wife said honey that seems like mighty strong bacon and the homesteader said yes it was so strong it climbed out of the wagon three times on the way home

the man was trying to sell a mule and the mule broke loose and ran into a barn wall and the buyer said that looks like a blind mule to me and the man said no mister he ain't blind he just don't give a damn

Ah, my nostalgic Professor, you hear America singing?
Were these the chunks of Americana you miss so much?
Or, perhaps, some of these:

the young man took his girl to the justice of the peace to get married and the jp said young man have you got the consent of this girl's father and the young man said who the hell do you think that old coot over there with the shotgun is daniel boone

the cowhand went into the eating house and asked for a very rare steak and the waitress said how rare and the cowhand said very rare just cripple the animal and drive him in i'll eat him

another cowhand said i want my steak well done and they brought him a steak and he said no i said well done i've seen critters get well that was hurt worse than this

So, Professor, we need again the untamed pioneer juices?
The japes and sagas of the unwashed buckaroo?
Like these, it may be:

the one-eyed mule had been missing strayed or stolen and nobody could find him and the town half-wit said let me try and everybody laughed but the half-wit went out and brought back the mule and the people said wonderful how did you do it and the half-wit said i just figgered where i'd go if i was a one-eyed mule and i went there and there he was

the girl who had been back east to school brought home a little shrimp of a husband and her old man a crusty rancher said daughter is that the only man you've got and she said yes papa and the old man said well daughter all i can say is that you're danged near out of men

this horrible-looking man roared into town behind a team of mountain lions using a rattlesnake for a whip with a half-barrel of corn whiskey beside him and shooting off both guns and cussing something awful and a citizen said stranger where are you from and the stranger said some tough hombres have moved into the cherokee strip and they're chasing all us sissies out

Ah, Professor, the dear days when America was young!
Come to think of it, you can have 'em.

—STANLEY WALKER

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Miss Graham's office. Then she remembered Mrs. Crawford.

"May I use your telephone?"

"Of course. Let me call your number."

"Would you? I want to speak to Mrs. Crawford."

The girl looked at a list tacked over her desk and dialled a number. She asked for Mrs. Crawford and after a moment she said, "Mrs. Crawford? . . . This is the school. Mrs. Thornton would like to speak to you." She handed the instrument to Sara.

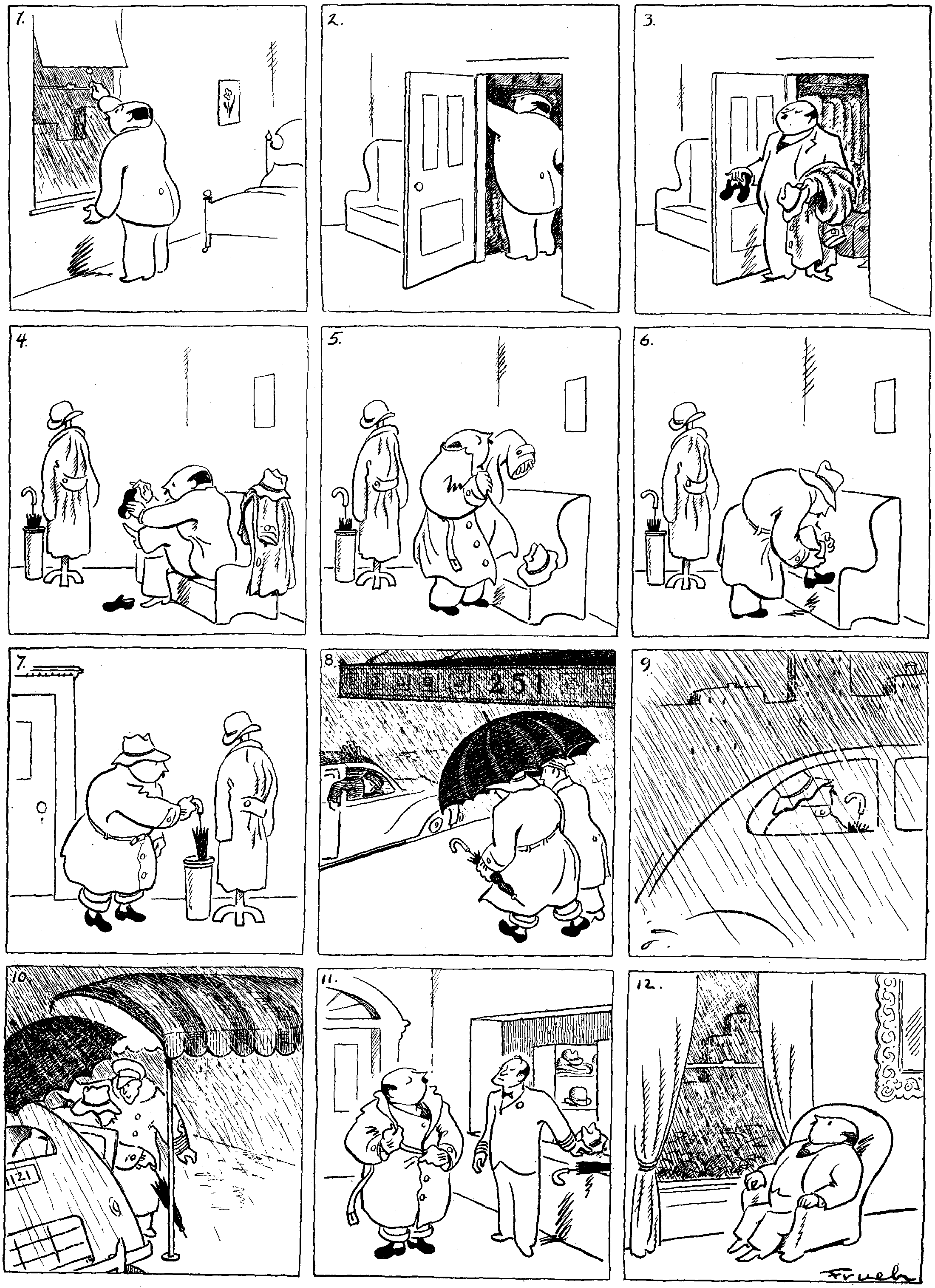
"Mrs. Crawford? . . . I'm so embarrassed. I can't imagine what you must think of me. . . . It's about that bundle my child brought for the charity. Have you opened it? . . . Oh, good! I'm so relieved. You see, I made a ridiculous error. The real bundle is here now, but the one you have is full of perfectly useless things. Could I get it? . . . For tea? This afternoon? Oh, I'd love it! . . . Why, how sweet of you! Of course I'll bring him. He'd adore it. He talks about Timmy all the time. . . . At four-thirty, then. Goodbye."

She was smiling when she put the instrument down, and she said "Thank you" to the girl in a warm, happy voice.

"Miss Graham should be free any moment. I'm sorry to keep you."

But Sara was putting on her hat. "I don't think I will wait now. I can see her another time. It's not really important at all."

—MARK SCHORER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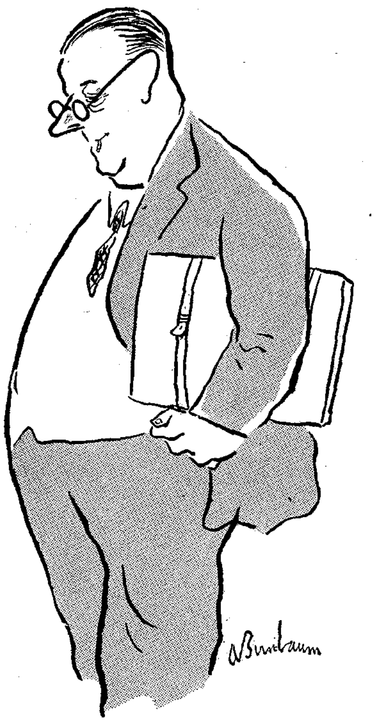
PROFILES

THE STORY OF EVERYTHING—II



Hendrik Willem van Loon

WHEN Hendrik Willem van Loon sits brooding, as he often does, on the contradictory facets of his own complex nature, he is honestly baffled by the fact that the world persists in regarding him as an author. True, he is the author of twenty-nine books, most of which are popular histories and six of which are among the best-sellers of all time. Van Loon concedes that much. However, he believes that describing him as an author is like describing Franklin D. Roosevelt as a former New York state senator. Van Loon is also a man of enormous erudition, but he feels that calling him a scholar is as inadequate as calling Babe Ruth a golfer. If you say that van Loon is either an author or a scholar or both, you totally ignore the alternating gusts of sorrow and exaltation that periodically sweep over his six feet three inches and two hundred and ninety pounds, and you suggest nothing of van Loon the musician, the magician, the illustrator, the linguist, the teller of fairy tales, or the monologuist.

Van Loon believes, too, that his physique is a deceit and a fraud, if outward appearance is expected to reveal inner character. He is huge in frame but spiritually delicate. On the other hand, he has timid, gray-green eyes, and as he peers apprehensively over his horn-rimmed spectacles there is nothing to suggest the tiger that van Loon feels rages within him. He has an outward benignity that belies "the wild animal thirsting for blood" which van Loon is certain lurks in his immensity. Envisioning van Loon the fearless beast, he is apt to smile nostalgically as he recalls how he slew eight hundred and eighty-one Nazis—or at least directed their slaughter—in the Metowee Valley in Vermont. On that occasion the scholarly van Loon was danger's darling and the smell of gunpowder was sweeter than that of baking bread. Deadly peril only exhilarated him, and in between slaughtering Nazis he caught a beautiful lady spy. He describes this aspect of van Loon in "Invasion," a novel in which he is the hero and which was published in 1940 in an effort to waken Americans to their danger. In it van Loon, almost single-handed, repelled a Nazi invasion of the United States.

Van Loon, who is a generous man, often forgives the world for misunderstanding him. This lack of comprehension stems from the profuseness of his character, he says, and he adds, "I've lived with it for sixty-one years and I'm damned if I know exactly what to make of it." Every attribute he possesses, he explains, has an opposite of equal strength, and he shuttles back and forth between each set with a speed that leaves him exhausted. When war seemed imminent, in 1938, he yearned for a wider stage, one that would permit him to save humanity from the catastrophe threatening it. He did not doubt his ability to bring the feat off; in fact, he wrote to a friend, "It is a queer feeling to sit by while a few hysterical seventh-rate minds juggle with world civilization. I feel like a doctor who knows the cure but is forced to see an epidemic descend on humanity without being permitted to do anything about it." He had reason to hope that someone powerful enough would grant him permission to intervene, for he knows many of the world's great figures, but nothing came of it. When friends complain about the restaurants in wartime Washington, van Loon says, "I wouldn't know, of course. I always eat at the White House." President Roosevelt has had him as a weekend guest on at least four occasions, and Queen Wilhelmina of van Loon's native Holland has decorated him with the Order of Orange Nassau and the Order of the Netherlands Lion. Van Loon usually implies that these decorations are childish baubles and, in a conversation about nobility, may say casually, "I have a couple of knighthoods myself upstairs." He also likes to reveal that he occasionally talks over the telephone to Princess Juliana, and carelessly adds, "Just gossiping, you know. Just party-line stuff." It may be fortunate that neither the President nor the Queen has invited van Loon to desert his study for the wider stage of world affairs. For a time he yearned for such an invitation, but then he decided that the world of affairs was tawdry and changed from van Loon the statesman into van Loon the rustic philosopher. At the moment he is back again in this phase, after gliding through two or three other phases. He is inclined to regard himself as a modern Thoreau, as strong and silent as the everlasting hills, a man whose greatest solace is to walk alone in the woods.

He reacts from this rôle at least once a week, when he assumes the part of van Loon the *grand seigneur*. It is an attractive one, robust, brave, tinctured with a nicely implied regret for days and times that are forever gone. Van Loon gives this reading at dinner parties and before weekend guests at his house in Old Greenwich, but he likes best to give it at luncheon in New York with a group of friends, mostly young ladies in book-publishing circles. The part, as van Loon plays it, ranges from a Barriesque tenderness to a Rabelaisian gaiety. He may open the proceedings with a racy limerick, then abruptly fall into gloom. From this he gallantly tries to rally, but it soon becomes apparent that he cannot shake the dark mood off. Then, in a brave, bleak monotone, he may say, as he did not long ago, "I am in desperate need of a bit of color. I drug myself with work to dull the agony of melancholia. I need laughter, but even that is impossible. Must we always be dirty to be funny?" At the end there is the faintest suggestion of a break in his voice, but in an instant he braces up and answers himself. "Of course not. But it helps." This sombre mood grows worse, and finally he says, "I've never had this sort of thing happen to me before. I've had my ups and downs, of course. But never this melancholic monster who sits upon my shoulder and rides me day and night." His audience tries to divert him, but it is not very often successful when confession is upon him. "I've always been an actor," he said at one luncheon party. "I've always stood a little apart and watched myself perform. I suppose I shall see myself die—yea, savor my own dissolution." There was a troubled silence, which he broke by saying, "I dreamed I died last night. When I woke up, I found myself crying in Dutch, 'Is this then the end?' I always speak Dutch when I'm under ether," he added, as if much of his time was spent in that state.

Often van Loon uses the imperial "we" as he discusses his troubles. "Why do we struggle so?" he may ask. "Why do we work so hard? I suppose because it is so much fun for them [his public] and so easy for us. I am always getting letters from Dayton, Ohio, saying, 'Thank you for bringing some beauty into our dreary lives.' I got one yesterday that said, 'Your "Van Loon's Lives" is filled with peach juice because I always read it when I'm having peach Melba. Thank you for bringing some beauty into my dreary life.' " Contemplation of himself as a bringer of beauty cheers van Loon, and his audience knows that it will soon be favored with a limerick. "I was right, dead right," he may happen to say, and then, as he recognizes what are evidently familiar words, he will brighten and recite:

Here lie the bones of Asa Gray.
He died defending his right of way.
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

Van Loon feels that the highest barrier between himself and his fellows is his own courtly code. He likes to think that he and it are representative of the eighteenth century. When a man insults him, he worries a good deal over whether or not he should challenge him to a duel. On August 26, 1941, Westbrook Pegler attacked him in a particularly unpleasant column. Van Loon said that he could not challenge Pegler to a duel because his code provides only for the meeting of equals. "According to my standards," he said, "when a man insults me, that man must be killed or apologize in so visible a manner that the world may witness his deserved humiliation. I am not bothered by the insult but about a point of honor by which I have always tried to live, even when I did not succeed, and without which life would be a dog kennel." Van Loon has never actually killed anyone. Frustrated in any desire he may have had to rub Pegler out, he became ill. "I was so sick," he recalls, "I was not even allowed to smile." Sometimes, as he lay in bed, he thought that the real criminal was Roy Howard, Pegler's publisher, and for days he plaintively demanded from his pillow, "Should I hit little Roy on the schnozzle?" For a while after his recovery he withdrew from the world's contamination and spent most of his time with his dogs—Mungo, a giant black Newfoundland named after Sir Walter Scott's dog, and Noodle II, a dachshund.

Van Loon loves dogs and never forgets his dead pets. Beneath a clump of trees near his house in Old Greenwich are the graves of two of his dogs. Sometimes at dusk, after a hard day's work, van Loon's large form is seen plodding toward the graves of his friends. At such times, he says, he meditates upon the superiority of the other animals to men. In his "Geography," which was published in 1932 and sold 170,000 copies in the United States alone, van Loon has Noodle I, who is now resting in one of the graves, assassinate the entire human race by pushing a box containing all the earth's inhabitants into the Grand Canyon. "Man is the only living organism," he sometimes says, "that is hostile to its own kind. Dog does not eat dog. Tiger does not eat tiger. Yea, even the loathsome hyena lives at peace with its own kind. But man hates man and his chief pursuit is killing man." As the wind whispers through the trees and dusk deepens into night, van Loon stands beside the graves and broods upon his species.

Van Loon was born in Rotterdam on January 14, 1882—on the same night, he repeatedly points out, that Wagner finished "Parsifal." As a historian should, he accounts for all things, including himself, by cause and effect. He often remarks, "I have not a single happy memory of childhood," and adds, "Suffering makes some people cruel, but it made me kind. I have suffered so much that kindness is almost second nature." His mother died when he was twelve, but he was unhappy chiefly because of his father, who had inherited enough money to make it unnecessary for him to have an occupation. Van Loon, in his autobiography, which he

"—and stop worrying about beavers."

called "R. v. R., The Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn" and which incidentally included a biography of the painter, wrote of his father, "He was a dreadful man whose very memory, after a lapse of fifty years or more, makes me shiver when I think of him. He hated laughter and he hated tears. He hated the sun and he hated the moon. He hated the summer and he hated the winter. He radiated hate and gloom as other men radiate joy and contentment." Van Loon had a sister two years younger, and he writes of their childhood, "If we made ourselves a little boat out of a piece of cork and a mast cut from a broomstick, our father would wait until we had finished our craft and then crush it under his heel. If we painted a picture on an old china plate or a piece of parchment, he would grab it from us and deliberately hold it under a pump in our back yard until the colors were washed off."

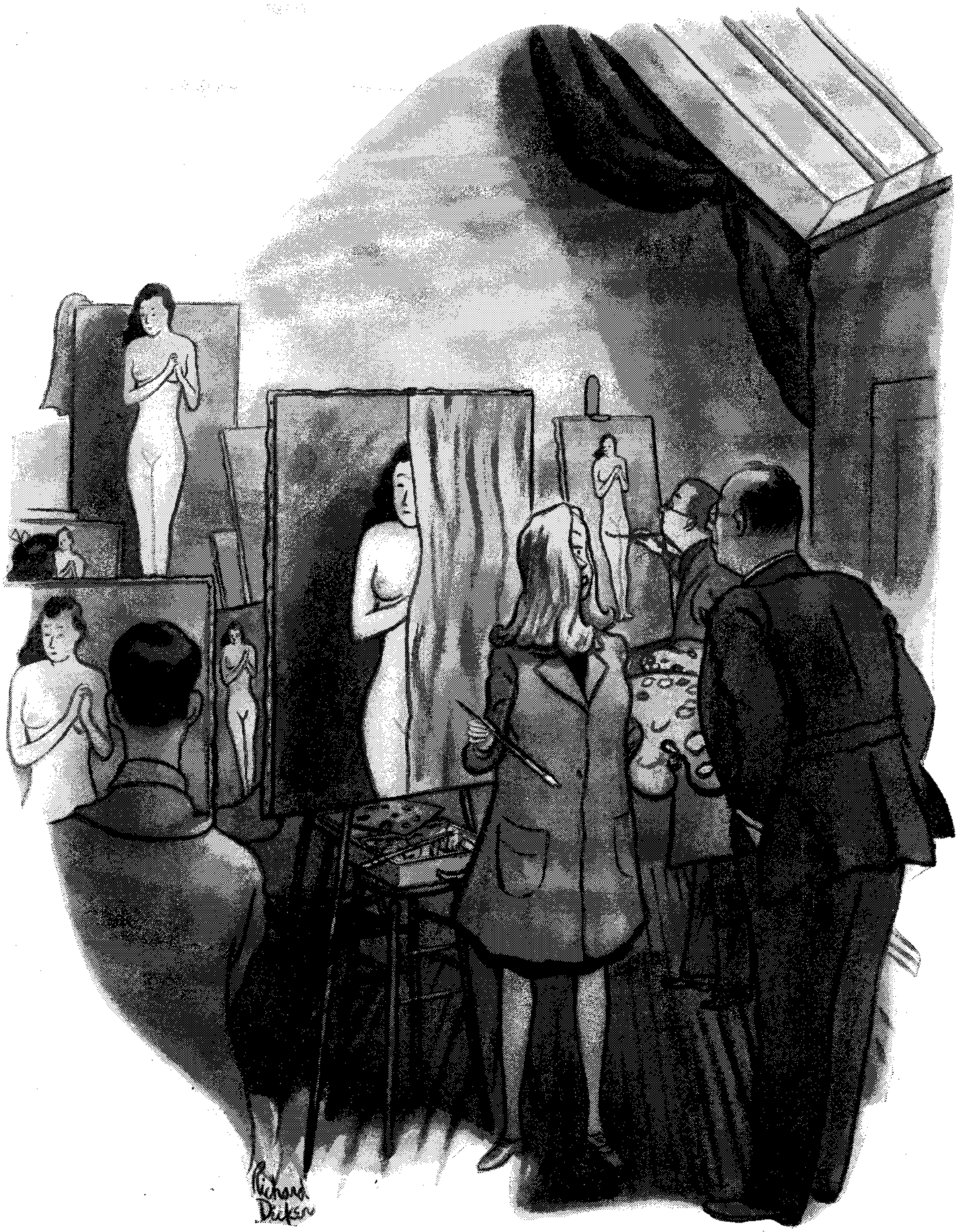
When Hendrik Willem was thirteen, he was sent to a school in Gouda, a cheese-manufacturing centre, where "no efforts were ever made to make the pupils feel or understand the beauties of the classics. Cicero and Virgil had merely written to catch little Dutch boys in grammatical errors." It was then that he decided that he would be a professor when he grew up—the rare kind who makes learning exciting. After four years at Gouda, "where the smell of cheese permeated everything," he was sent to Noorthey, a private school which he describes as "a kind of Dutch Groton" and which provided him "with a beautiful base of snobbery." He studied English there, because he wished to read "Henry Esmond" in the original. When he was twenty, his father married a woman who his son felt "was unbearably dull and uncongenial." Hendrik had inherited about $30,000 from his mother, and he decided to go to America to live. He also decided to enter Cornell, because one of his aunts had once happened to meet the late George Lincoln Burr, a professor of history there.

In describing how he left home, van Loon says, "I just took a taxi and went away from there." Sometimes he declares he came to America only because of the order of the alphabet; it preceded Australia when he ran his finger down a list of countries in an atlas. When he is in a patriotic vein, he insists that he is more American than anyone of Mayflower stock because he deliberately chose the United States after measuring it against all the countries of the world. He went to Cornell after arriving in this country and was excruciatingly lonely there. "The lower metals, like lead, melt easily, but I am not a lower metal," he says. A girl who was attending Cornell in 1902, when van Loon arrived, remembers her first sight of him as they met at a party. "To the eyes of a romantic co-ed," she later wrote in a letter, "van Loon was all wrong. His hat, a soft velours, was two sizes too small. His overcoat was green. It hung perfectly straight and buttoned right up to the chin. It fitted like the skin of a sausage. It had horizontal braids across the front and fastened through loops into pieces of stick. He carried an encased fiddle in one hand. In the other he gripped tightly a small bouquet, an offering to his hostess at some party or other to which we both were going. The boy himself was six feet tall or more and weighed, I should say, at least one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He was not fat but evenly larded all over, like a sleek, active seal. As a matter of fact, at this party he was pretty impressive for the first hour. Glib, although his English sounded like Dutch, perfectly at ease in meeting new people, bowing from the waist, he was never at a loss for a word or a topic. But after more people arrived and things got more general, van Loon ceased to be the centre of attention and was sort of shunted off to his own devices. At that point he got out his fiddle, sat off in a corner with his back to the crowd, and softly played chords and snatches of tunes to himself. He did that often at parties. Everyone else would be laughing, talking, joking, singing, and van Loon would be alone in a corner, playing his fiddle softly, his back to the crowd which had rejected him."

After a year at Cornell van Loon went to Harvard for a year and then returned to Cornell. He was graduated in 1905, and a period began in which, he says, "I was hounded by everyone, from process-servers to the F.B.I. For fifteen years I was a failure and everything went wrong." Three years in two American universities did little to Americanize van Loon, at least as far as the eye could perceive. In 1906 he married Eliza Bowditch, the great-granddaughter of Nathaniel Bowditch, the noted mathematician. Her parents opposed her marriage to an unknown foreigner. Since then anything involving Back Bay puts van Loon into a fury. Not long ago he was thumbing through a copy of *Who's Who* and said with immense satisfaction, after perusing his own lengthy record, "There's not a single Bowditch in here!" At the time of the marriage, however, he felt that he had done very well. His greatest ambition was to become a professor of history at Cornell. He had a certain respect for the professorial life, if not for professors, and he wanted the security of belonging to a university community. In quest of his goal, he got a job as an Associated Press correspondent in Munich so that he could take his Doctor's degree at the university there. He received it in 1911. His wife accompanied him abroad. They returned to this country in the fall of 1911 and went to Ithaca in the fall of that year, when he was appointed a lecturer in European history at Cornell. Two sons had been born to the van Loons—Hansel, who is now a New York architect, and Gerard, who is a second lieutenant in the Army. Van Loon began to write at the same time that he began to teach. His first book, "The Fall of the Dutch Republic," was published in 1913.

Recalling his days on the Cornell faculty, van Loon says bitterly, "No one

liked me but the students." Just as he illustrates his books now, he illustrated his lectures then, with drawings on the blackboard. Jealous rivals asked, "Is it history or vaudeville?" "It's a dangerous thing to be able to draw if your colleagues can't," van Loon says. He tried to make history dramatic but only succeeded, his detractors said, in making it inaccurate. His idiosyncrasies, which included reciting limericks and wearing plus fours in the classroom—van Loon is proud of his well-shaped legs—also offended the university authorities. He was dismissed in 1914. The students talked briefly of staging a protest, but they never did. "He was a brave, kind man," one of his students recently said, "and the humiliation hurt him very much."



"But I just paint what I see."

• •

AFTER van Loon left Cornell, his wife decided to return to Boston with the children to live with her family, and he again went abroad for the Associated Press, since the first World War had begun. He covered the siege of Antwerp. "I didn't like it," he reports, "and got away from there as fast as I could." For the next three years he reported the war at points farther removed from the front. In 1918 he returned to America on a leave of absence, and on his way back to Europe that same year his ship was torpedoed. It was then that he contracted the claustrophobia from which he says he still suffers; it resulted from his being jammed together with other survivors in a lifeboat for two days. He gave up the Associated Press soon after he arrived in Europe, not because of the claustrophobia or any dangers incidental to the war but because, he says, it was too difficult for him to talk to people.

He returned once more to this country to find that his wife, who had been unhappy about his absences, was instituting proceedings to divorce him. By that time he already had published four books, three of them histories of Holland. As van Loon later wrote to a friend, "My books did not sell and my good wife, Eliza Bowditch, backed up by her eminently respectable Boston family, wanted a divorce for NON-SUPPORT, retaining custody of the children, goddamit. That hurt, but I did not make any money and she was right. I did all sorts of things after the divorce to make a living—publicity for a Dutch importer, for a silk factory, for ship companies. I lived on Sixteenth Street then, in the Village, and my landlord was a French louse. He would not heat my rooms, so I would not pay him, and finally I got up and left him and moved further up the street, and then I had an operation (hernia; got it during the torpedoing of our ship, when I probably pulled too hard on the oars of our lifeboat and was not familiar with that sort of exercise) and just when I came out of the ether a process-server for this French louse happened to get by the nurse and served me with a writ. And it caused VAST DAMAGE to my NERVOUS SYSTEM to lie there, half gone, and have this stinker do his job. I have hoped for years to meet him and I shall then murder him, for that is the one thing in my life I have never forgiven. Think of it! To have to lie there helpless and have this damn stinker say, 'Well, I soived it.' The French louse had in the meanwhile got hold of all my money in the bank and I, being in the hospital and not able to walk, was held in contempt of court for non-appearance. I learned a chapter on justice then that was far from pretty. The serving of a process on a man that has just come out of the ether is not an agreeable memory."

Van Loon was scarcely on his feet again before, he says, "I was hounded by the F.B.I. because I once had a Russian dictionary and clicked my heels when I bowed." This was during the Red scare and the Palmer Department of Justice raids that immediately followed the last war. A couple of years ago, in an essay on Descartes, the seventeenth-century mathematician, van Loon told the world all about it. "I had a great deal of trouble," he writes. "I was investigated—I had my rooms broken into—I had my mail stolen—I had my trunks opened by the F.B.I.—and suffered all sorts of annoyances and inconveniences because I was suspected of what was explained to me later as 'radical leanings.' 'Preposterous!' you will say. Of course it was, but no more absurd than the idiot who wrote to the Department of Justice explaining that he heard me click my heels while bowing to a lady.

"Question: Why did I click my heels while bowing to a lady?

"Answer: It was an entirely unconscious act, the result of having spent five years in Germany and Austria.

"'Ah, you see? He confesses that he has spent five years in Germany and Austria! And why did you spend five years in Germany and Austria?'

"'Because I wanted to teach in an American university and thirty-five years ago you could not get a job unless you had a German Ph.D.'

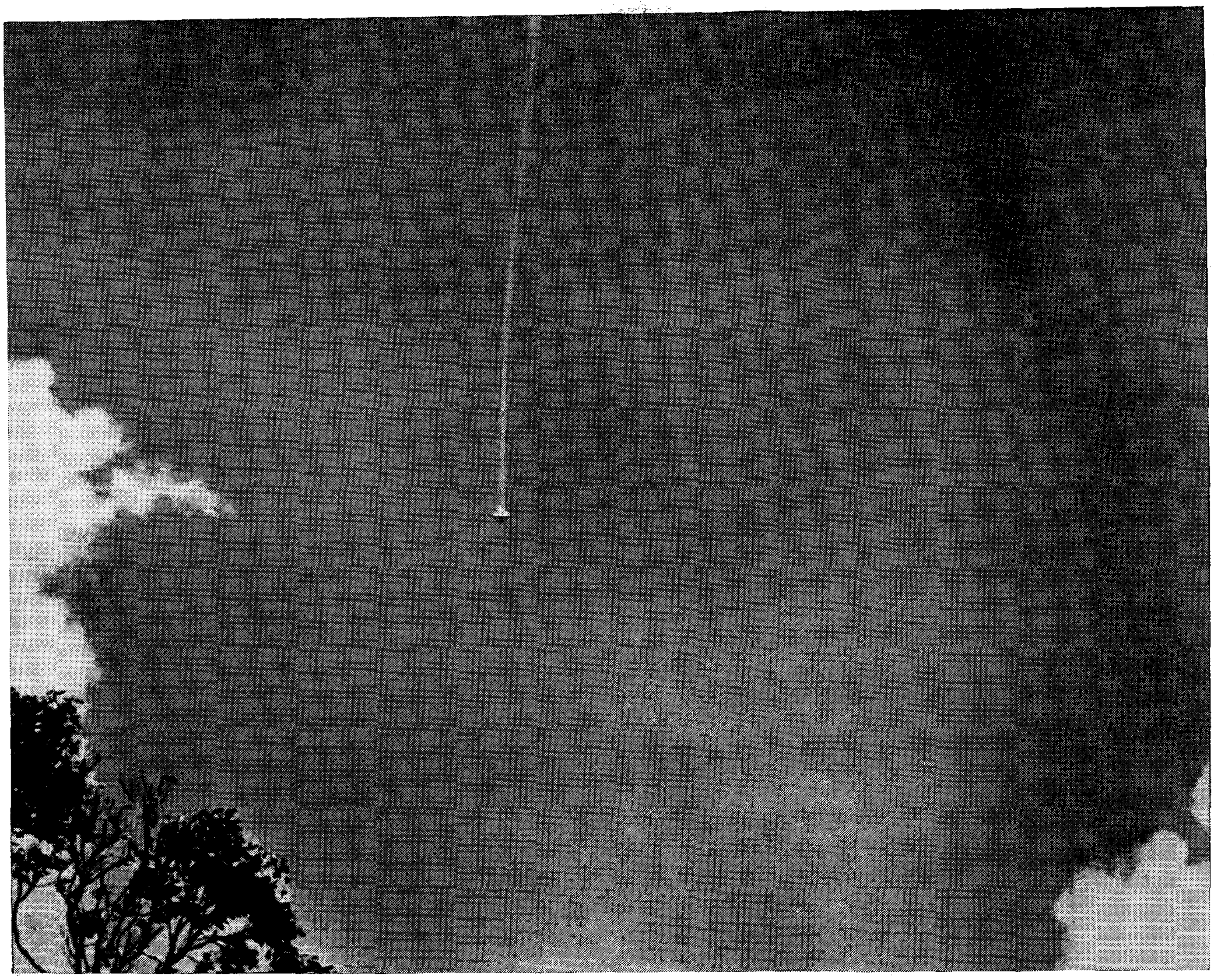
"'Perhaps so, but it still sounds highly irregular. He owns a Russian dictionary and he has spent five years at a German university. We better keep him under close supervision.'

"And as a result of my heel clicking and my juvenile ambitions to be taken for a great linguist, I was for quite a long while hunted like a dangerous criminal."

In 1920, after fifteen years of consistent tribulation, van Loon married Helen Criswell, a Bryn Mawr graduate who had been a schoolteacher. She was the proprietor of the Mad Hatter, a Greenwich Village tearoom, when he met her. They took an apartment on Washington Square and she organized the household around his writing. A year later he published "The Story of Mankind," his first best-seller. Within two years the man who had been divorced for non-support had received $200,000 in royalties on this book. For six years life moved smoothly for van Loon; he wrote four more books, all of which had a good sale and one of which, "The Story of the Bible," became another best-seller. The others were "Tolerance," "America," and "The Story of Wilbur the Hat," the last an allegory with social overtones. Nevertheless, by 1927 van Loon was once again convinced that he never had any fun, that his life was composed solely of work, and that he needed some romance and glamour. It was in this mood that he met and wooed Frances Goodrich, an actress, divorced his wife, and married Miss Goodrich. Within a year van Loon had left Miss Goodrich, who divorced him, and had remarried the former Miss Criswell. He is still married to her.

IN the past ten years van Loon has occasionally spoken over the radio, usually filling in for someone who was ill or on vacation. He has never been a great success at the job, though, because, he explains, "They want sponsors for their talking dogs and they never got a sponsor for me because I am not a talking dog. I am a man with a mind." Also, he frequently deviates from the script after it has been approved by the radio station, and this has frightened away sponsors, who claim that he is too unpredictable. For example, he once advocated birth control for cows over the radio and received many indignant letters from people who insisted, probably correctly, that he was indirectly advocating birth control for human be-

"It says here 'a blunt instrument.' What happened to that nice new rod I sent you out of here with last night?"



Axis "Exit"

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—Lieut. Gen. H. H. Arnold at press conference, December 8, 1942

"The B-17's have shown themselves to be exceedingly good destroyers of Jap Zero fighters."

—Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, December 8, 1942

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—From diary of captured Japanese as reported in *The New York Times*, January 19, 1943.

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ELENA MIRAMOVA
JAY FASSETT
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ings. "The people who run our radio stations," he once remarked, "are pretty well devoid of any culture, so what the hell?" Van Loon, however, was a great success on one radio program, which he himself originated. It consisted of a series of talks addressed to Holland, sent out short-wave over Station WRUL, in Boston, in which he encouraged his countrymen to fight back against Hitler. In these broadcasts he called himself Uncle Henk, a contraction of his own first name. He felt that this permitted Hollanders to speak more freely about the program and ask each other, "Have you heard from Uncle Henk recently?" Van Loon contributed heavily toward the cost of these broadcasts until the Dutch government-in-exile assumed responsibility for them about six months after he had started. He still gets a good many letters which are simply addressed to "Uncle Henk, America."

Van Loon thinks more personally of Hitler than most people do. He is convinced that Hitler wants him killed, not only because of the resistance he feels he has stirred up in Holland but for even more important reasons. Van Loon, who does not hold himself cheaply, regards himself as the leading apostle of the humanities in the world today, and, just as he is the earth's leading symbol of the good, the true, and the beautiful, so Hitler is the symbol of all that is evil. Battle between the two is inevitable. There are times when van Loon regards the current global bloodletting as essentially a conflict between himself and Hitler. In 1939 he wrote, as an answer to Hitler's "My Battle," a book called "Our Battle." Hitler immediately banned van Loon's books in Germany and, since that did not break the writer's spirit, tried, van Loon believes, to have him assassinated. Van Loon was visiting Copenhagen that year and a German publisher offered to fly him to Germany. Van Loon refused the invitation. "It was a plot by Hitler to murder me," he says, and he feels that *der Führer* still is trying. He expects that the next attempt may be to bomb his house in Old Greenwich. Occasionally, when he hears a plane, he rises in alarm and grabs a poker. "Hear that? Hear that?" he asks. "That's not a mail plane!"

—RICHARD O. BOYER

(This is the second of three articles on Mr. van Loon.)

•

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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 38

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

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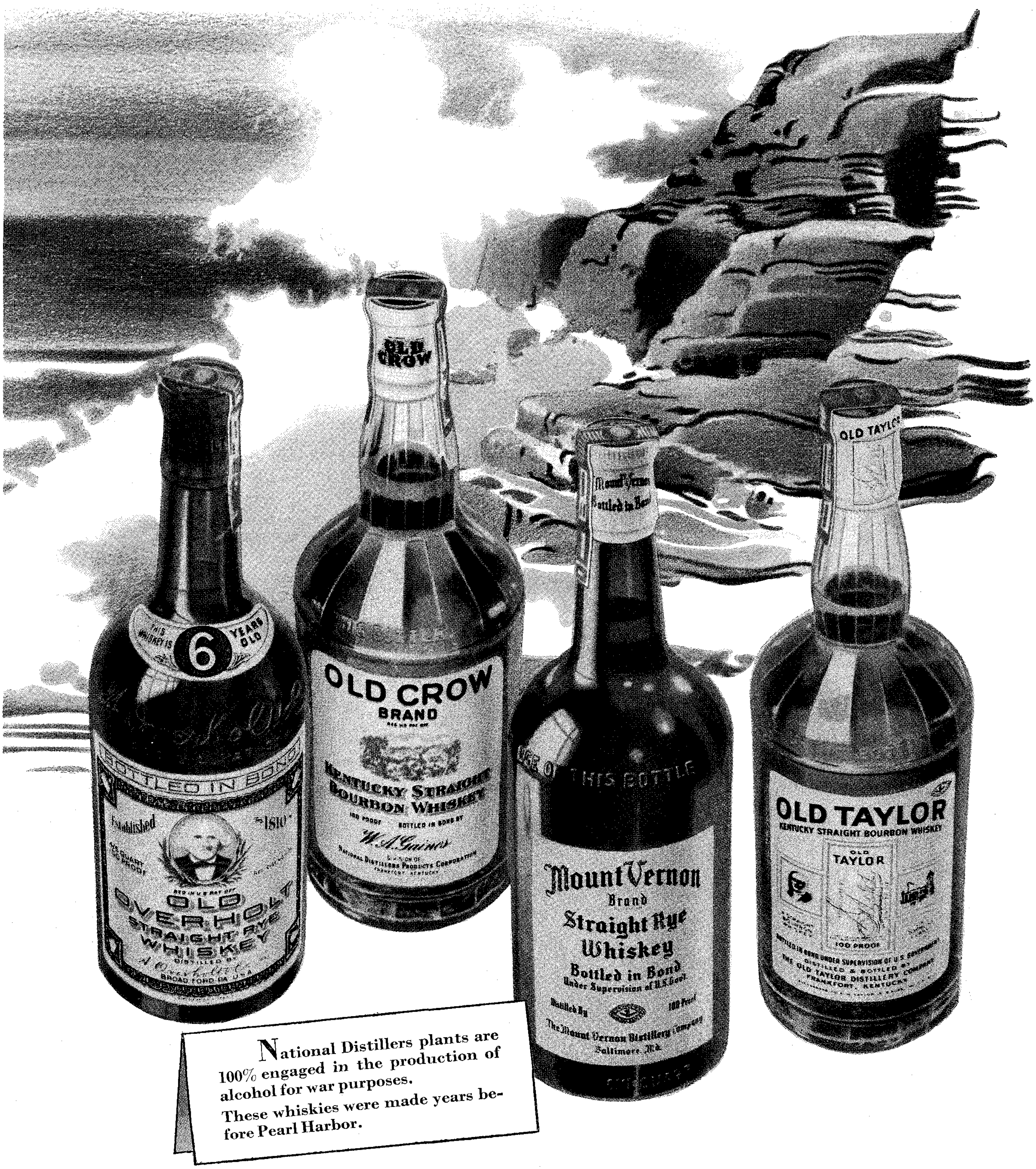
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

THE BOMBS OF CHANGE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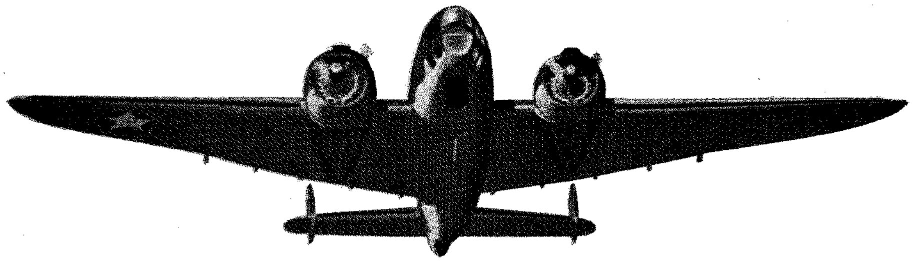
National Distillers plants are 100% engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes.

These whiskies were made years before Pearl Harbor.

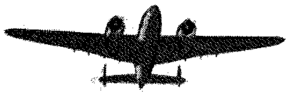
BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK • COPYRIGHT 1943

Bruiser



This is the Vega Ventura, a tough looking, tough acting new bomber with some definite family characteristics. It *looks* like the Hudson only bigger. It's sleek and powerful, with stamina in every spar. It acts like the speedy, record-breaking airline Lodestar only faster and more maneuverable. In action it's a *bruiser*, the biggest, hardest-hitting bomber yet designed and produced by Vega. It carries a bellyful of destruction in its whopping bomb bay and throws 50 caliber death from five gun positions.

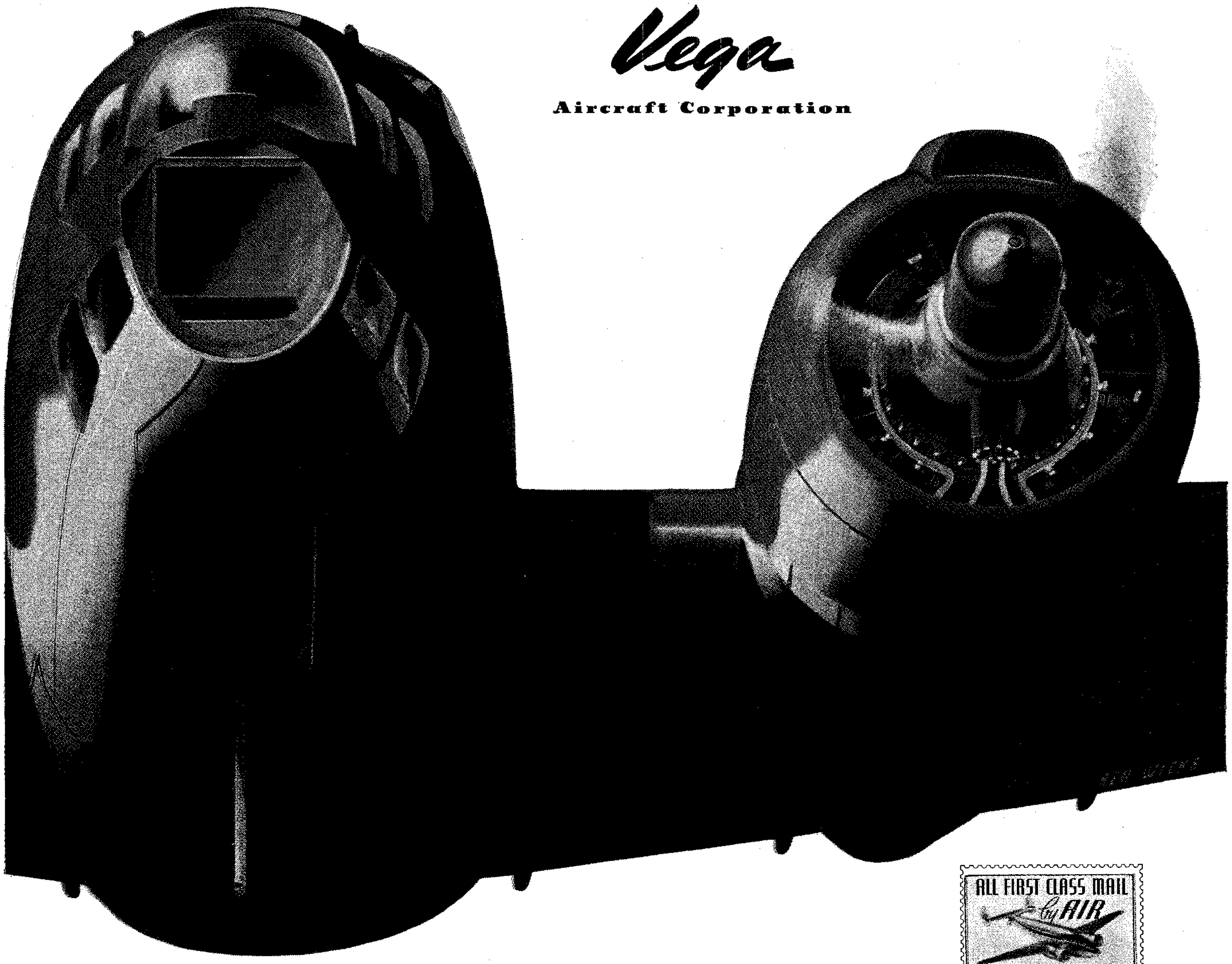
United States and Royal Air Force pilots can tell much more about this deadly bomber in the days to come, and they *will* in stories of blasted Axis supply lines, smashed Axis tanks and silenced Axis guns.



A subsidiary of Lockheed

Vega

Aircraft Corporation

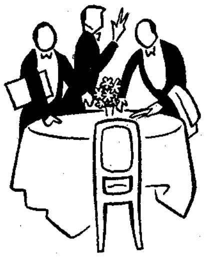


ALL FIRST CLASS MAIL
by AIR
IT'S COMING!

Copyright, 1943, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation,
Vega Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California.
Members Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

TABLES FOR TWO

The Gang's All There



SOMETHING kind of deplorable happens to comedians who get too giddily popular, and it becomes most evident when such a comedian goes to work in a night club. The trouble lies in the fact that he has built up too big a circle of acquaintance, a good part of which is apt to be on hand wherever he performs. In the theatre this hazard doesn't amount to much, because the atmosphere is too formal to permit of any great amount of pally badinage between an actor and his buddies in the audience. In a night club, however, these buddies are generally sitting at ringside tables and the atmosphere is so easygoing that they are able not only to carry on a running conversation with their chum from their seats but even to wander out on the floor now and then and whisper slyly in his ear. This is the type of thing that goes on at the Copacabana, where Jimmy Durante—and his buddies—are now appearing. Durante's routines are shot through with asides to the boys at the ringside and there are incomprehensible gags flying back and forth which apparently mean something to their authors, who often threaten to faint dead away from sheer hilarity. The rest of the audience, confident that something pretty comical is afoot, joins in the merriment, but its laughter tends to be short and puzzled.

During what time is left to Durante for orthodox entertainment, he manages to show flashes of the old form, particularly in such old, hoarse numbers of his as "The Strut-Away," or whatever it's called. Appearing with him for one or two songs is a former partner, Eddie Jackson, once of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. Since he's there at all, and since Durante seems to need somebody around he can talk to while he's working, it would probably be a better idea if Jackson was on the floor with him the whole time, so that some sort of official dialogue could be substituted for the unofficial double-talk that currently fills the air. Generally speaking, Durante doing a single is preferable to Durante with a partner, Durante being the standout comic attraction that he is, but Durante doing a single for the special benefit of a small fraction of his audience is next to no Durante at all.

THERE'S a trio of well-known performers in the show at the Riobamba, the least well known of whom, in night-club circles at any rate, seems to be exercising the biggest drawing power. He is Frank Sinatra, the radio singer. The other night a woman patron was heard to say, as he stepped to the microphone, that he was the sole reason for her coming. Her assertion amounted to a light dismissal of Walter O'Keefe and Sheila Barrett, who had preceded Sinatra on the program, and judging by the number of decibels of applause that greeted each of the three, she was not alone in her preference. This popular rating was probably based on a combination of factors. Mr. O'Keefe, the song-and-gag man, and Miss Barrett, the impersonator, however strong their former appeal, have grown somewhat rusty in their absence from the spotlight. Miss Barrett, especially, has come back with next to no material. She confines herself mainly to imitations of motion-picture actors, and a female male-impersonator is not always a pretty sight. On the other hand, Mr. Sinatra *is*, as a great many women will undoubtedly testify, a pretty sight, and his voice has range and a kind of studied simplicity. It also has that rich, nasal quality that for some reason has distinguished most of the popular vocalists since Vallée.

AT the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf, there is a new institution altogether: a Danish comic. His name is Victor Borge and, as he tells you by way of self-introduction, he has been in this country only two years and came over here knowing no English. He has picked up a surprising command of the language and a supply of pretty good stuff to go with it. Some of it is a bit heavy, perhaps, but for the most part there is enough novelty to make up for the defects. His best work is done at the piano, an instrument which he can play or just fool with. Incidentally, having been a recent student of English, he knows the actual meaning of the word "medley." When he says he's going to play a medley, he plays a composition of passages or scraps, a potpourri, and not three or four entire pieces one right after another, as most folks do in the night spots. With him in the show is an institution that is not new: a Russian singer. Her name is Marina and, like Borge, she is bilingual. Among her English numbers she often has the good sense to include "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," which is from "Porgy and Bess" and among the five (or six or seven) best American tunes ever written.

THE main attraction at Benny Davis's Frolics, over on Broadway, is Benny Davis, who m.c.'s the show in a fatherly, Major Bowesian sort of way and finishes it off by singing several of his own songs, generally winding up with "Margie." He issues a guarantee in advance to the audience that he will sing nothing that does not stem from his own pen, an assurance which naturally gratifies everyone but establishes a policy that may cause him trouble after a while. Having written a great many songs, he can of course vary his repertory to a certain extent right now, but the time will come when he will be just repeating himself over and over. A revival of Davis songs, even by Davis, can't go on indefinitely. He will either have to start writing himself a new one every night, an extremely gruelling assignment, or else close the joint.

TEA-DANCING, as you may know, is fairly widespread at the moment. Such places as the Savoy-Plaza, the Pierre, and the Stork Club cater to the practice every afternoon, and there are others you may drop into during the weekends. There actually is quite a bit of dancing going on at these sessions. Toward the end of them, however, the customers who have spent most of their time at their tables and have become exhilarated by their tea commence to raise such a din that it's hard to hear the orchestra. Conversation at this time of day is carried on at a shout that can have an effect comparable to shell shock on a man who comes in from the street and is exposed to it suddenly. Then, between seven and eight o'clock, the dinner trade begins to drift in and the tea-dancers are either absorbed in this infiltration and become diners themselves or go home to lie down for a while with an ice pack. —D. E. L.

•

> 'peTg DIrHc,CfcDAi-uEcmfwycmfw
>
> These were almost the first words spoken by Commander Field, former destroyer Commander, graduate of the United States Naval Academy and Naval War College, holder of the Victory Medal of the Atlantic Fleet.
>
> Every delegate there knew what he meant.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Not every speaker would be that lucky.

Remember these LIFE pictures from the fighting fronts?

No citizens far behind the fronts on which their fate was being decided ever knew the sight and smell and flavor of battle as do today's Americans.

For never before has the documentary record of war been set down with such fullness and clarity as is being done by the lenses of LIFE's photographers.

But bringing people the story, through pictures, of what is happening in this war involves considerably more than the clicking of a shutter at an amazing or interesting phase of warfare.

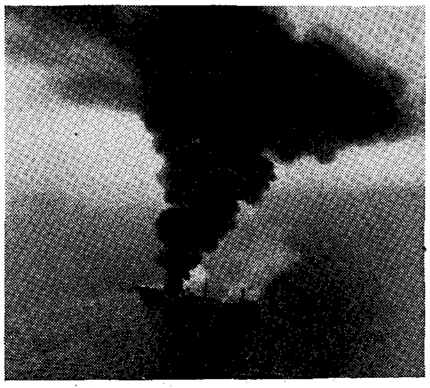
Rather it means a LIFE of battle-wise photographers whose initiative and know-how are getting them to the newsworthy spot at the right moment. But getting to the spot is only the beginning.

For it also means the knowledge of how to make a picture story... how to get a series of pictures that will make LIFE readers feel they have actually eye-witnessed the great events taking place at the front.

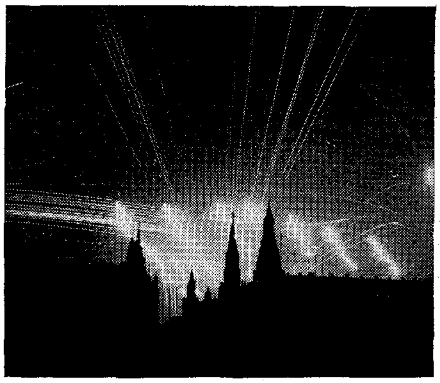
One of the chief reasons why LIFE is a strong force in war news-reporting is because it has such an able staff of photo-journalists on every fighting front. Twelve of these photo-journalists are shown here. Wherever the news is happening, their pictures are telling millions of Americans the realistic story of the war as it has never been told before.

LIFE

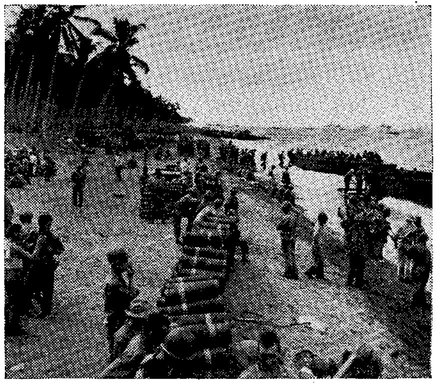
CARL MYDANS, on LIFE's staff since it began, has photographed more wars than any other photographer. His stories about the peacetime home front, too, have been distinguished examples of the new photo-journalism. Here—in his last LIFE story before he and his wife Shelley, LIFE researcher, were captured by the Japanese—he shows Japs being rounded up by Filipinos on first day of war.



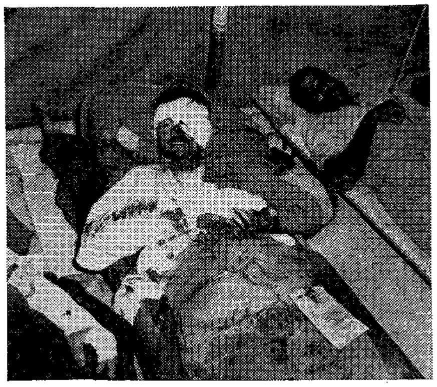
DMITRI KESSEL, in an Army plane just a few miles off the Florida coast, caught this burning tanker, victim of Axis attack. Famed for his aerial photography and color work, Kessel infuses an imaginative quality into his composition and has exhibited in many one-man shows before thousands of admirers of his photography. Now Kessel is at sea on his way to some foreign war zone.



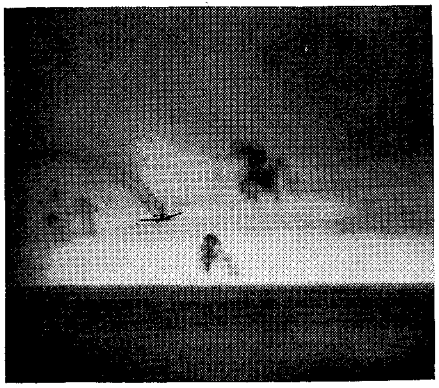
MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, the only foreign photographer there when the Nazis invaded Russia, took many pictures like this of the Moscow blitz. At an early age she started picturing such unlady-like things as mills and oil wells, has been making photographic history ever since. Recently in North Africa she became the first woman ever to accompany a bomber mission.



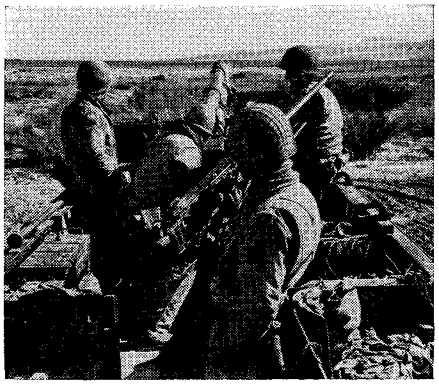
RALPH MORSE'S great documentary series appeared in LIFE under the caption, "Guadalcanal: Grassy Knoll Battle." Few pictures in any war have brought home so violently the stench, disease, filth and discomfort of these boys in the jungles. The above shows Marines preparing to leave Guadalcanal after U. S. victory. Morse is now with the fleet, position and destination unknown.



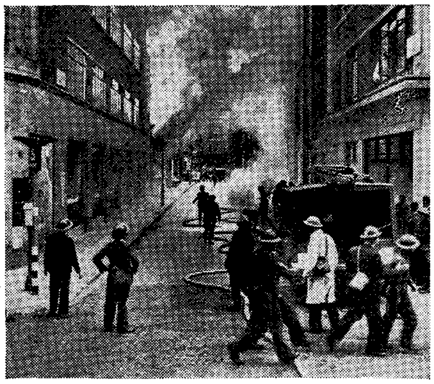
ROBERT LANDRY found this badly wounded tank officer in a desert dressing station, smiling and game. Landry traveled 22,000 miles with U. S. task forces, has reported from almost every war front. After picturing for LIFE readers the hardships of desert warfare, he is now en route to Iran, Iraq and Arabia, far from Hollywood where he has done so many stories of glamorous stars.



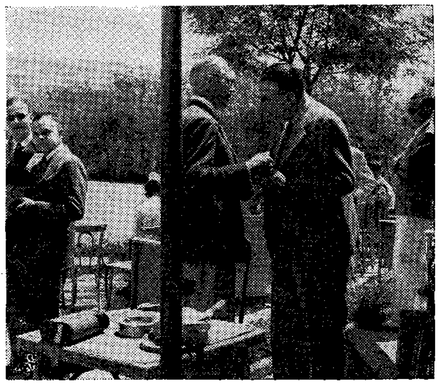
FRANK SCHERSCHEL, at Midway Island last year, showed how American soldiers are building many a desolate sand spit into bastions of American defense and offense. The above, from his story of an Atlantic convoy, shows a direct hit on a Heinkel III torpedo bomber. Scherschel ducked as it passed to crash into the sea. At present his whereabouts is known only to the Navy.



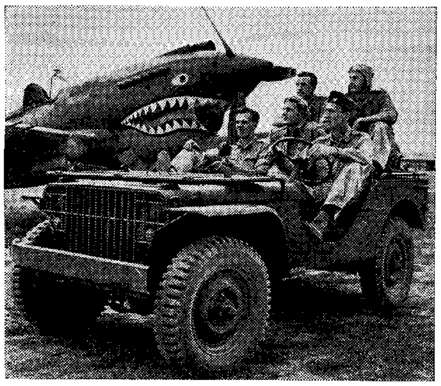
ELIOT ELISOFON was there, sending back graphic camera reports for LIFE readers when the allies captured Sened, Tunisia. His coverage of the Finnish war gave him valuable background experience for reporting World War II proper. Elisofon has done much teaching and lecturing on photography and is one of the best-known practitioners of the "multiple flash" technique.



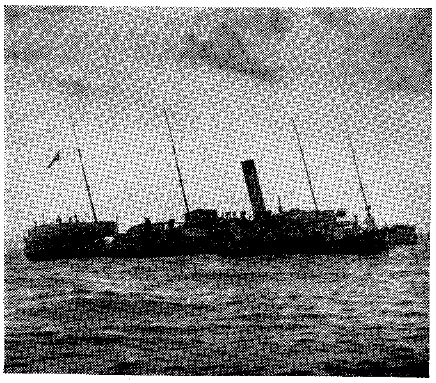
WILLIAM VANDIVERT whose picture-report, "The Bombing of London," provided LIFE readers with a graphic record of what Britons meant by "taking it," has photographed more of war at first-hand than most men. He covered Italy's invasion of Albania and Hungary's entry into Ruthenia, flew with the RAF and reported the great 1940 raids in England. He is now in Poona, India.



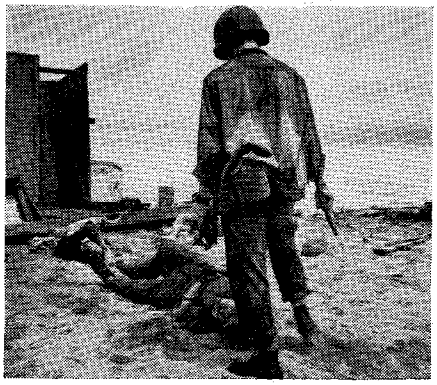
HART PRESTON, 33-year-old Stanford graduate, sent back this photo of slippery German Ambassador Franz von Papen in Ankara, Turkey. To many it spoke more eloquently than a thousand-word essay of the diplomatic struggle going on in that neutral country. Preston was LIFE's first resident photographer in Rio de Janeiro, is now reporting from Johannesburg, South Africa.



GEORGE RODGER, 34-year-old LIFE photographer, brought to Americans the first pictures of the shark-faced fighter planes of the legendary "Flying Tigers," gave readers a thrilling conception of what American airmen could do against numerically superior Japanese forces. He has since reported from Africa, Rangoon, the Near East—is now with the LIFE staff in his native London.



DAVID SCHERMAN, among the youngest of LIFE's photo-journalists, met quick action on his first foreign assignment when the Egyptian liner ZamZam was sunk from under him by the Germans. This picture, smuggled in a tooth paste tube, was one of many to appear in LIFE. Now in England, where he photographed many phases of the blitz, Scherman remains there to report.



GEORGE STROCK has traveled far since he got his start operating a trick-portrait concession at Venice, Cal. Few cameramen have risked their lives as did Strock in photographing, "The Battle of Buna" (Feb. 15). These thrilling pictures, several taken at the moment of killing, have a realism that takes the reader out into the hostile jungle within reach of the sniper's bullet.

MAX GORDON HITS
"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—*Walter Winchell*
THE DOUGHGIRLS
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

$2 TOP ALL PERFS.
JUNIOR MISS
46th St. Thea., W. of B'way. Eves. incl. Sun. at 8:40. Mats. Sat. 2:40 & Sun. 3 P.M. Moves to Majestic Th. Mar. 28

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GEORGE JACK ELLA THE
JESSEL·HALEY·LOGAN·De MARCOS
SHOWTIME
Uproarious-Variety Show—LAST WEEKS!
BROADHURST, West 44th, Eves. Incl. Sun. $1.10-$2.75. (Sat. $1.10-$3.30.) Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. Sun. at 2:30 & 5:30. 55c-$1.65

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In the Most Successful Musical of the Century
"LADY IN THE DARK"
BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway at 53 St.
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:35

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Spencer TRACY • Katharine HEPBURN
"KEEPER OF THE FLAME"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
GALA STAGE REVUE ● SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

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Tucked away in mid-Manhattan, Boni's is famed for its excellent food and service.
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
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"Mad Chicken"
at COLOMBO'S
GOTTA DISH!
STEAKS AND CHOPS
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Famous for good food and quality beverages at popular prices.
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Maison **MAURICE RAVIOL** *Inc.*
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LUNCH from 75c DINNER from $1.25
3 East 48th St., N. Y.
PLaza 3-1806 • Also A La Carte
Choice Wines and Liquors

THE THEATRE

TARKINGTON REVISITED

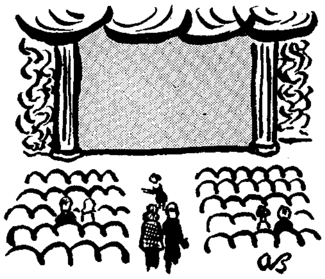
George Abbott clearly has a way with children, just as he has with fairly childish plots. "Kiss and Tell," at the Biltmore, is largely populated by adolescents and its basic design isn't much more mature than "The Three Bears." Leaving the theatre on opening night, I heard a matron exclaim with awe, "Why, it's even better than 'Janie'!," and, while I found that very similar work just about as silly as they come, I guess she was right and that Mr. Abbott is faced with another comfortable, suburban hit. Personally, I had some doubts about the whole business, there being times when the master's determination to make me laugh three times at the same joke struck me as a little highhanded and other times when I wasn't sure that the jokes themselves were of an entirely suitable nature. However, I have no doubt that Mr. Abbott knows best and that eventually "Kiss and Tell" will join that considerable list of plays that continue to be advertised in the papers long after I have forgotten whether they deal with rape or baseball.

As a matter of fact, F. Hugh Herbert's comedy is about pregnancy, a topic guaranteed to amuse everybody except, possibly, the few ladies who happen to be in that jocund state at the time. There are, it seems, three families (two would have been enough, but Mr. Abbott has always been prodigal)—the Archers, the Pringles, and the Franklins—and they live in a town whose name I didn't catch, though it seems to be out somewhere in the Booth Tarkington country. Both the Archers and the Pringles have adolescent daughters and somehow these enterprising damsels are caught selling kisses rather than hand-embroidered towels at a Red Cross benefit. A feud results between the two families (never mind why), seriously hampering a romance between young Lieutenant Archer, who is home on furlough, and Miss Pringle, whose professional rate is a buck a kiss. The happy solution of this dilemma involves a secret marriage and the pretense that it is Miss Archer who is about to have a baby rather than Miss Pringle. The details of all this are intricate and not very sensible and I see no reason for taxing your mind with them. All you need to know is that the greater part of the evening is devoted to the comic supposition that a girl of fifteen and a boy of seventeen are about to become parents. When you add a demon little brother, the usual low-comedy maid, and a man with his pants torn and a nosebleed, you obviously have all the ingredients for an Abbott field day, and don't think the boss doesn't make the most of them. I can't give you much of an idea of Mr. Herbert's dialogue, since most of it is pointless when taken out of its context, but the following may be an adequate sample:

"Corliss can beat Dexter at tennis now," says the mother of the infant who is theoretically about to have the baby.

"My God, I wish she could outrun him," replies her father, whose humor is frequently of this rather earthy nature.

As you can see, there is nothing especially cosmic or subtle about the work at the Biltmore, but Mr. Abbott always keeps his performers moving at a dizzy speed, so everything has a tendency to seem somewhat funnier than it really is, like the wit that takes place at three o'clock in the morning at the Malamute Saloon. On the whole, I suspect that you may enjoy "Kiss and Tell," though it would be hard to explain exactly why.



The hired hands gathered for "Kiss and Tell," are all very capable at their work. Jessie Royce Landis, as the prospective grandmother, acts with her usual expert, offhand style, and Robert Keith is properly distrait as her husband. The juvenile assignments are handled by Joan Caulfield, Judith Parrish, Robert White, and Tommy Lewis, a thirteen-year-old monster who is rapidly getting to be my favorite actor in the world. John Root's set is very nice, although I find it a little hard to believe that a suburban family would locate its only telephone on the back porch.

—Wolcott Gibbs

OF ALL THINGS

HITLER's speech in Berlin was probably the most disheartening of any he has ever made. It proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is still alive.

•

The worker who is inclined to take a day off should consider the good example set by our Congressmen. They keep right on the job, raising the cost of living and decreasing the size of the Army.

•

President Roosevelt refuses to tell reporters anything about his own plans for 1944. He prefers to stick to the say-as-you-go plan.

•

Isolationists are preparing to oppose all plans for organizing a permanent peace. They want more world wars for America to keep out of.

•

Robert Taft criticizes Elmer Davis for speaking over the radio under the sponsorship of the government. This work of telling the people what's going on should, the Senator feels, be done by the boys who plug motor and hair oil.

•

Mr. Eastman will not discourage the use of the railroads by summer vacationers, but people will go to the country at their own risk. The farmer, like Satan, has work for idle hands to do.

•

An OPA director in Indiana says that we should discontinue the custom of throwing rice and old shoes at weddings. It might be more thrifty to hand such valuables to the happy pair.

•

Eastern A-card motorists who abstained from pleasure driving are now reaping their reward for good conduct. They may joyride to their hearts' content on a gallon and a half a week.

•

Under the terms of an agreement with Britain, we are to get 65,000,000 pounds of tea during the coming year. That will give us enough for beverage purposes, but none for dumping into harbors.

•

We income-tax payers may now sit back and enjoy the sufferings of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. These poor fellows have to read what we wrote. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

Smoking Less—or Smoking *More**?

* Government figures show all-time peak in smoking

POLICE DEPT
BUS

WORKING HARDER—*probably smoking* more —*and wisely changing to* PHILIP MORRIS!

You're SAFER smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

This is *the* cigarette scientifically *proved* less irritating to nose and throat.

Eminent doctors . . . in medical journals . . . report that:

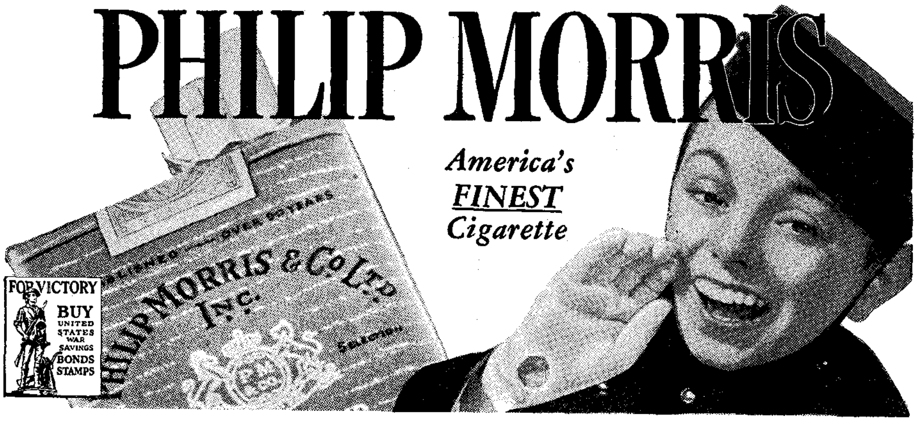
When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS—every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

NOTE: We do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS —*BUT*—here's *real* proof that they are *less irritating* . . .

FINER PLEASURE . . . PLUS REAL PROTECTION

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette


PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC.
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

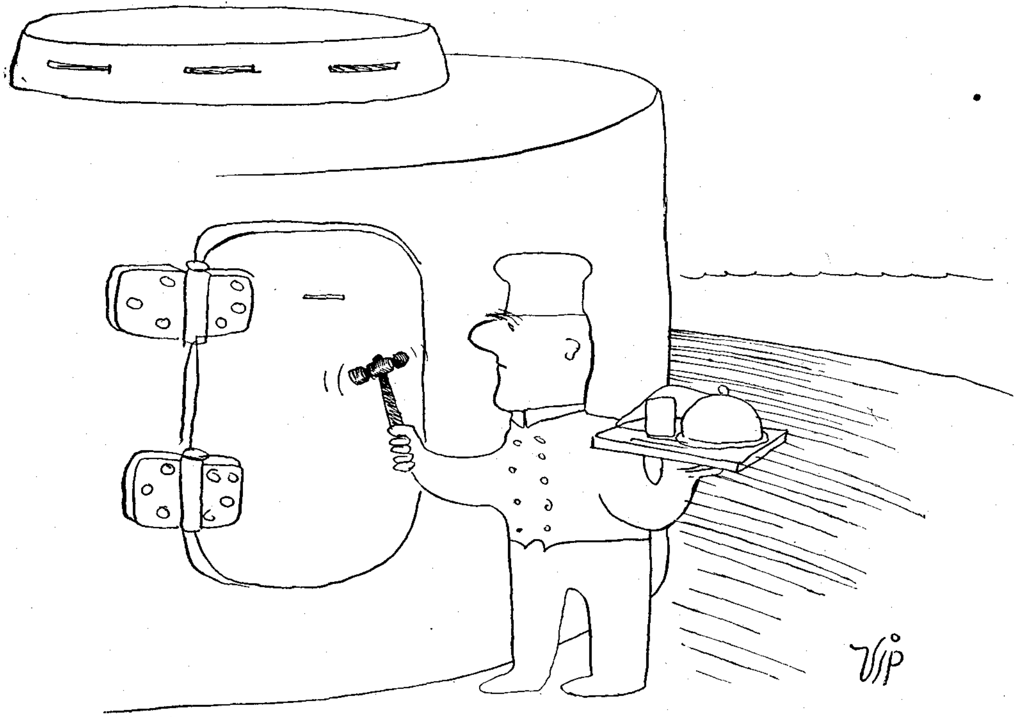
IT'S LIKE A WOMAN'S SLIP SHOWS AN INCH

THESE days the life of a maintenance machinist is full of vexation. A maintenance machinist is the man in a factory who sees to it that the machines run right. In plants all over the country, lathes, presses, and milling machines are whirring and clattering away twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The machines are strained and replacement parts are hard, sometimes impossible, to get, and since whenever a machine is shut down production is affected, maintenance men often have to rig emergency repairs and work out stop-gap procedures. To a conscientious machinist this situation is upsetting. All the traditions of his craft call for things done painstakingly and perfectly, for gears cut to the ten-thousandth of an inch, for moving parts bright and shiny, for great machines as finely adjusted as a railroad watch. A shop man, as a maintenance machinist is likely to call himself, has an ear tuned to the normal dissonances of smooth-running machines. A slight modulation in the whirr of a lathe or a subtle change in the clack-whack-clack rhythm of a punch press is so irritating that he immediately wants to take the offending apparatus apart. However, nowadays, because all possible production is needed for war, a shop man can't order a machine shut down because of only minor ailments; he can merely give it first aid and wait until the machine has been so overworked that it *has* to be shut down. Although this situation is a gnawing annoyance to maintenance men, they get a certain satisfaction from it too; they go around feeling sorry for themselves because of what they are called upon to do, but at the same time they are extremely proud about being the ones who can do it. Often they not only have to repair machine parts but have to make parts in order to keep production going. What they do then is comparable to a garage mechanic's replacing a Cadillac motor with the reshaped parts of a Kelvinator icebox. Not many garagemen could do this, even if asked to, and shop men don't think much of them.

A few nights ago I went out to a nearby war plant, where a friend of mine named Jim Barron works on the night maintenance crew. There I had a chance to learn a few things about shop men first-hand. I arrived several hours before the night shift was to report for work, and was taken on a tour of the place by a Mr. Jackson, of the staff of the plant's newspaper. He told me that the plant makes special electrical equipment for the armed services, and that the employees at the plant number in the thousands. After Jackson had guided me about the plant for an hour or so, he took me to the fourth floor of the specialties division, in which my friend Barron works. We went past rows of desks and into a factory room where men and women were working at machines, some of which I recognized as lathes and punch presses. Most of the women didn't look as if they were dressed for factory work. Many wore sweaters and skirts, many others wore print dresses, and a number of them wore black satin party dresses. Few were in slacks.

At the end of the room we came upon a slender, dark-haired, middle-aged man, whom Jackson introduced to me as Mr. Rogers, one of the men in charge of maintenance work. He was wearing the vest and trousers of a dark suit, a white shirt, and a blue tie. The vest was open, and I noticed that his tie was held by an initialled diamond clasp. He said that the day maintenance crew had a problem on its hands. "We'll find Nip, and he'll show it to us," he said. The three of us walked to another part of the room, where, behind a wire-grillework partition, the maintenance men had a small space of their own. On the door was a sign that said, "Maintenance. Keep Out." Inside we found Rogers' assistant, Mr. Nippins, a stout, rather unhappy-looking man who, like Rogers, wore a white shirt and dark vest and trousers. "Night maintenance?" said Mr. Nippins, when he heard that I was waiting for my friend Jim Barron. "They'll talk you to death. Never see any work done on night maintenance."

Nippins said that, on top of his usual troubles, he was having a lot of difficulty with a machine called a wire-stripper, which automatically cuts pieces of insulated wire into lengths after stripping a little insulation off both ends of each piece. "Eddie Tarantino has been working on it," he said, "and we think it's the main cam that's giving the trouble." Rogers suggested we go find Tarantino. "Eddie isn't at *that* machine. He's at another one," Nippins said. Rogers nodded as though the statement made sense, and the four of us—Rogers, Jackson, Nippins, and I—set out to find Tarantino. "Eddie has been working on this wire-stripper for three days," Nippins said as we walked along at a fast pace. "You see, the machine that's down still cuts the wire the right length, but the insulation-strippers first chew the wire all up, and these wires are supposed to carry heavy electrical loads, being connecting wires, you see, and if a wire is chewed up, it might not take the load and would cause a short. You see? I think it's the cam that does it. You see, as the cam moves around, it takes the wire just so far, and then there's a *dwell*,



and the strippers come down and strip the insulation, and then the dwell is over and the wire starts moving again, but the insulation-strippers hold, and the ends are stripped just before the wire-cutters snip off the wire. Well then, on this machine that's down, the dwell doesn't last long enough, and the wire is pulled and cut all at the same time, and that chews it all up. So Eddie has been studying this machine for three days, and now he's looking at another one just like it so he can see what's wrong with the one that's down. Damn fellow from the factory that made the machines came in here the other day without anyone seeing him, looks at the machine that chews wire up, leaves a bunch of instructions that won't work, and sneaks out. So *we* got to fix it."

By this time we had found Eddie Tarantino, a stocky fellow in work clothes who was poking at a small, inoffensive-looking machine whose top had been removed. He had cut out, he told us, a sheet-metal pattern that was the exact shape of the top of the main cam of the machine, and he planned to compare it to the equivalent part in the faulty machine. This pattern is called a template. He put the machine back together again, turned it on, and showed me how it cut off six-inch lengths of wire, neatly stripping three-quarters of an inch of insulation off the ends of each piece.

Accompanied by Eddie, we went down two floors to the other wire-stripping machine. Eddie took the top off of it, and he and Rogers and Nippins looked inside, bending over from the waist, like doctors in pictures of operations. While they were peering in, a tall man with a big nose and a big chin came by, stopped, looked at the five of us, and said, "Well *now*, by God, something ought to happen!" He was, it turned out, a Mr. Cibell, head of the shop we were in, and he was distressed about the stripper. He wore a white shirt, a red-and-blue striped tie, and a double-breasted blue suit, including coat. While he talked to Rogers and Nippins, I got into a conversation with Eddie. "I'm a cam expert," he told me. "Worked at American Can before coming here a couple of years ago. Been a machinist twenty-five years. At Can I worked on developing machinery for making containers. Worked most of the time with cams. I like to work with them." Eddie said his template showed that the cam in the machine before us was the right shape and set just like the one that worked properly, and so *that* wasn't what was wrong. "I think now

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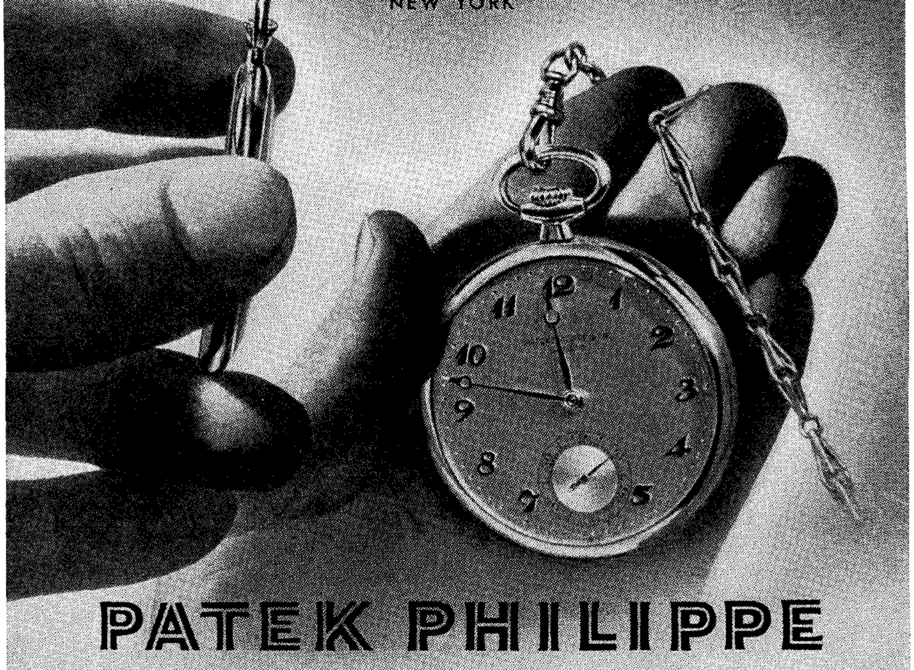

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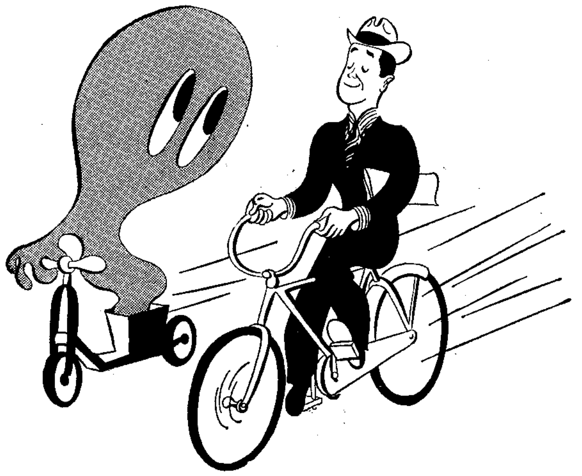

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it's the knives in the strippers," he said. "See how I backed this knife up on this clipper here? Now, you see this wire we're cutting is rubber-insulated, real hard, and I think that's what makes the machine go bad. So I think now I'll move the knives in a little and then they'll cut deep and hold, don't you think? Don't you think that would work?" I said yes, I thought it would, and then I remarked that I wasn't a mechanic. "But it *looks* right to you, doesn't it?" he asked rather anxiously. I said yes, and he seemed pleased.

Rogers, Nippins, Jackson, and I left Eddie at the machine and Cibell muttering that he was going to steal one of those strippers from another shop unless his was fixed pretty soon. We started back for the maintenance room. Rogers and Jackson led the way, and Nippins and I followed, all of us walking along at a moderate pace. "Eddie is a good mechanic," Nippins said to me, "and a fine man with cams." He bounded suddenly, said, "Oh, for God's sake!," sped past Rogers and Jackson, with me at his heels, and maintained an extremely brisk stride, head down, elbows bent, arms swinging, until we reached the maintenance room. This, I learned, was Nippins' usual way of getting around the plant; for a minute he had forgotten that he was in a hurry.

LATER on, Jackson and I ate dinner in the plant cafeteria, and by the time we returned to the maintenance room the night gang was working. The new crew of maintenance machinists were Jim Barron, Tony Scarangella, and Whitey Dorner. Jackson turned me over to Barron and went home. Barron made the introductions. Three other men were assigned to night duty in the maintenance room besides Barron, Scarangella, and Dorner, but Jim said they were merely machinists' helpers and anyway they weren't around at the moment. He told me I had missed something by not being there for the daily meeting of the day and night gangs. "A lot of griping and talk," he said. "The day crew think we're a bunch of loafers, and we don't think they're much good. They come on in the morning and say, 'Why didn't the night crew fix that?' We come on at night and ask, 'Why didn't the day gang take care of that?'" Jim said that Whitey Dorner was the head man of their crew, and above him was a Mr. Armstrong, and above him a Mr. Clark. "And above Clark there is another boss, I think," Jim went on, "and above him a shop superintendent, and above him a shop manager, and above him a plant manager, and above him—oh hell, and it's worse on the day shift."

Hanging on the grillework front of the maintenance room was a board on which operators whose machines were not running properly could scrawl their complaints, such as "Screw machine, fixture loose, Lentz." When one of the maintenance men went out to take care of a repair job, he put a red check next to the complaint, and when the job was finished, he indicated the fact with a red "O.K." There was nothing on the board at the moment, and the three machinists and I went for a walk around the shop. "Lots of nights nothing happens, and it gets so you can hardly stand it with nothing to do," Jim said, "and then on other nights so much goes wrong the night passes just like that." Jim is a thin, hearty fellow in his thirties, with long, sensitive hands of the sort which some people think belong only to artists but which many craftsmen possess. On dull nights the machinists spend much of their time prowling about the factory to make small adjustments they think are needed, or else they stay in the maintenance room and make gears, shafts, housings, and other machinery parts they know they will undoubtedly need sometime. As a rule, Jim and Tony do the wandering, Whitey and two helpers make parts, and the third helper spends his time oiling machines. "Sometimes we just sit and Jim here talks," Tony said. "Listening to him, you would rather work."

The shop was filled with a solid, continuous noise, the sort of noise you hear on a train, something which after a while you don't notice unless you put your mind to it. We stopped in front of a punch press; Dorner wanted to show me how the cork-surfaced hub on a belt-driven flywheel wears out, so that it has to be replaced. I asked Dorner what his real first name was. "It's Klever, but people, thank God, call me Whitey," he said. He is a round, pink man with an unlined face and white hair. He uses chewing tobacco, which he keeps under his lower lip like a snuff-chewer. We went past other machines, past presses which rhythmically clicked off tiny metal pieces, past enamel-baking rooms, past welding, fitting, and shaping units. One room was heavily grilled and a sign said, "Keep Out." It was where gold used in plating is kept. "Worth your life to go in the gold room," Jim said.

We walked back to the maintenance room, and on the board we found a notice that a clutch on a hand-screw machine was slipping. Jim picked up his tool kit, which was the kind that plumbers use, with a strap that goes over the shoulder. He, Tony, and I set out for the machine, which was about fifty yards away. A man wearing a short corduroy jacket was tending it. The machine makes screws and oil plays over the metal as it is cut. Jim stood by while Tony took some tools from the kit and tightened the clutch. "This machine is really a sort of miniature turret lathe," Jim said. "It's a dirty, sloppy little machine. I don't like them." The machine spins metal at high speed and during the process of cutting a screw the operator throws a lever which instantly reverses the machine, spinning the metal in the opposite direction. This puts a heavy strain on the clutch. As we departed, Tony said, "We can't get repair parts for that hand-screw machine and it's coming apart. We could *make* a clutch for it, but it would take a machinist about a week. That's the way things are now—machines overworked, and you aren't supposed to shut them down, and when you do shut them down you can't get parts."

We came upon a man sitting at a desk—a tall, slim fellow with a reddish, sombre face; I knew he was a boss of some sort because he was wearing street clothes. Jim and Tony stopped and Jim said, "I want you to meet Bill Burke, old Worrisome Bill."

"Bill here takes his job home with him every night," Tony said. "Always worrying about his work."

"I've been eighteen years on this job," Burke said, "and I never, never worry. Sometimes I wake up in the afternoon and I'm that unworried I don't for the life of me know which way it is to go to work."

We laughed and walked on.

Tony and Jim, who had the run of the building, appeared to be on good terms with the thousands of men and women in it. To hold a job like theirs, mechanics must know how to run any machine in the plant as well as fix it. They can shut down any machine they think is running improperly or is being incorrectly used, and no foreman can argue with them. Their attitude toward operators and other workmen was that of friendly equals, and they treated bosses with amused condescension.

We passed a girl in a tan sweater and brown skirt who was working at a multiple coil-winder, an intricate machine which spins fine wire around a cardboard core. "Hey, Jim," she called, "can you do anything about this squeaky rim?" A pulley on the winder was making an obvious and unpleasant

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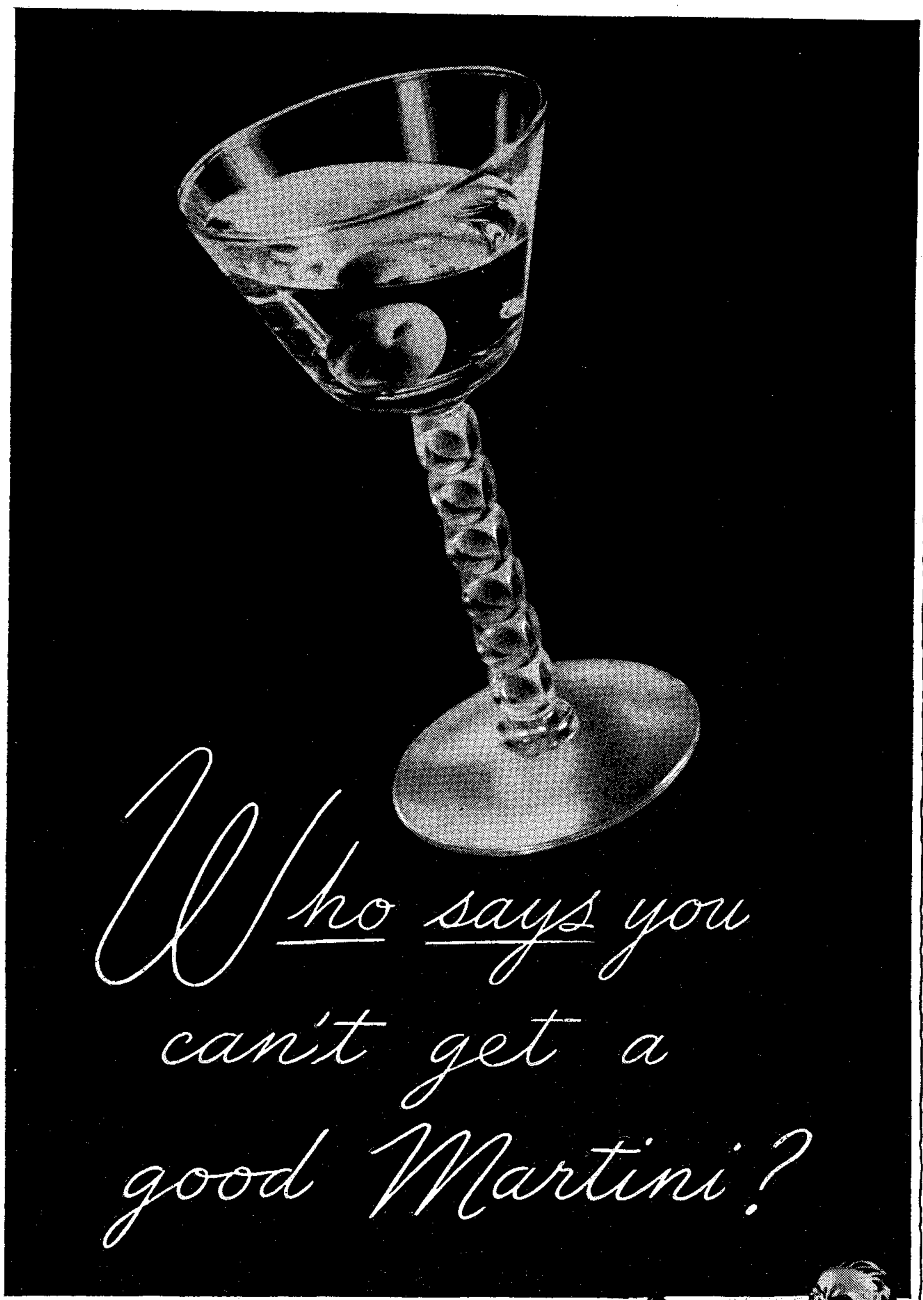

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noise. Jim put down his tool kit, took out a screwdriver, and made some adjustment. Tony looked at me and nodded his head violently. "Now, you can honest to God say you seen him with some tools in his hand," he said.

"It's like a fellow conducting an orchestra," Jim said as we walked back to the maintenance room. "One of those big symphony orchestras. Hear the noise in this shop—that kind of steady roar? Tony or Whitey or me can be sitting in our shop and know all of a sudden something is wrong with the noise, something peculiar in it, and so we go out looking for some machine running bad. Sometimes it's a funny smell, hot steel or oil, and we know something is wrong."

"Yeah, he smells it," Tony said, "and I go fix it."

Tony marked an O.K. on the board to show that the clutch had been repaired, and we went into the maintenance room and sat down. One of the helpers, a young man named Eddie, was working at a lathe, turning out spare repair parts. "Another helper is named Al," Jim said, "and the other is Walter, the oiler, a real nice country boy. He goes around with a little truck and oils machines. Tony here sometimes hides the oil cart, but Walter always finds it."

Tony said, "Yeah. He can follow the trail by the oil that drips out. He's a country boy. We're getting a lot of damned funny mechanics in this shop these days," he went on. "Hotel clerks, delicatessen keepers, and people who just aren't mechanics. They go to trade school for a couple of months, take some shop courses, get themselves some tools, and think they're mechanics. Jim, Whitey, and I here had to serve four or five years' time as apprentices before they called us mechanics."

"We like to see a fellow come in here," Jim said, "and we watch him open his toolbox. You can tell about a man from the kind of tools he has—whether they're new and shiny, rusty from a pawnshop, or show signs that the fellow has used them. They should be good tools, with *balance* and *feel.* You can tell from the way a guy uses a screwdriver or picks up a hammer or how he puts a job in a vise the kind of a mechanic he is. Especially the way he uses a hacksaw. A man can use a hacksaw all day long and not get tired, but you get a fellow who hasn't used one a lot, and he works away, and he's whipped in no time."

Jim, Tony, and Whitey, like all journeymen, each have more than five hundred dollars invested in tools, which they keep in small boxes. At the front end of these boxes are a dozen or so small drawers containing bits, drills, files, micrometers, and other small tools. In a large section in the back are hammers, braces, wrenches, and similar large tools, as well as mathematical tables and handbooks on shop practice. Like trout fishermen, machinists are helpless in a store; they are always buying more tools, either better than the ones they have or strange instruments to meet unlikely emergencies. Each has his pet tool manufacturer. They speak of their tools with pride and affection. "You grab a tool," Tony said, "and you get your hands dirty, and then you know that tool has been used, been kept in oil and grease so it won't rust, and then, too, it's got oil and grease from the mechanic's hand. All a vicious circle."

It was now time for the customary half-hour lunch period. Jim and Tony maneuvered me to a place near the door of the room, right under a box that I thought was a ventilator but that turned out to be the amplifier of a lunch bell, which it is Whitey's duty to ring. Then, on some pretext, they went back to their benches for a moment. An instant later my ears were hit by the loudest ringing sound I have ever heard. It was a sharp, hideously unpleasant noise, and I jumped a full six inches.

AFTER lunch there were still no more jobs for the maintenance crew, so Tony, Jim, and I walked over to another maintenance room, this one occupied by the electrical crew, to pay a social call. The electrical gang, who look after the intricate testing machinery that is outside the province of machine-maintenance men, spend most of their time in their shop. In the room I met two fellows, one named Jimmy and the other Joe. Jimmy is a stocky man with a fantastically large jaw. As the group of us talked, Jimmy was silent. He was stripping the insulation from a piece of wire. "On this job," Joe said in a melancholy tone, "you keep getting the ever-sinces. Guy comes up and says, 'Ever since you fix the motor on my machine, every time I turn it on the light goes off.' Or a guy comes up and says, 'Ever since you fix the cord on my tester, I touch it over here and I get a shock.' "

A young man in a white shirt walked into the room and leaned against a bench. "My God, it's another boss," Jim said loudly. "They got a boss in this plant for every man working here." The young man smiled, and he and

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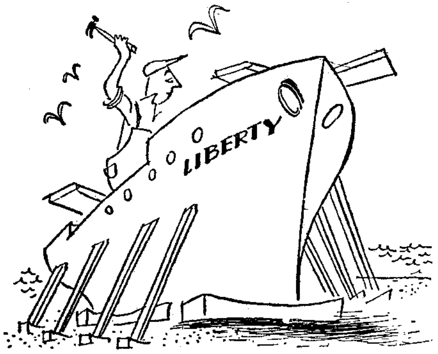

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Jim went into what was obviously a stock dialogue about how bosses don't work and how maintenance men don't work.

A young, competent-looking woman entered, and the boss said, "Another member of management."

"This maintenance room is where the proletariat and the bourgeoisie meet," said Joe. "Maintenance men are independent of most bosses, even if they are insane enough to work at night, and it does the bosses good to talk to us."

The young man and the woman laughed, a bit grimly.

Jim, Tony, and I returned to our own maintenance room. On the bulletin board we read that the hand-screw machine clutch which Tony had fixed earlier that night was ailing again. "That cowboy!" Tony said, as I followed him to the machine. "You'd think a guy working a machine that's going bad would be just a little easy on it, but he slams it one way, then another. A damned cowboy. Honest to God, women are better on machines than some of these men are. I figure it's because a lot of women, the kind we're getting now, have things in their houses—mixers, vacuum cleaners, all high-speed machines. They own them, or maybe it's the installment plan, and they learn to take care of them. Put a woman on that machine and you probably wouldn't have so much trouble. That cowboy *abuses* that machine." Tony tightened the clutch again, but he didn't say a word to the operator.

A WHILE later there was a rest period and Whitey caught me again with the bell. While I was still shaking from the surprise, Tony dropped the cover of a refuse can behind me and I jumped again. Tony, Jim, and I went down to the cafeteria for rolls and coffee. We strolled around afterward, and on one floor we stopped where some girls were working at multiple coil-winders. A stocky young woman complained of a fault in her machine, and Jim fixed it with a screwdriver and small wrench. "This is Grandmaw," Tony said, pointing at the girl. He turned away, and she grabbed a flashlight out of one of his back pockets. Tony tried to get it away but pretended to be overpowered. Before we left, she handed the light back to him. "A hell of a woman," Tony said respectfully.

It was after two when we got back to the maintenance room. The noise of the factory was by this time almost soothing to me. There was a notice on the board that the same clutch on the

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same hand-screw machine was in bad order again, this time running hot and smoking. Tony once more muttered, "That cowboy," and went to fix it. Jim and I sat down and watched Whitey, who was looking over a milling machine used to cut gears. Whitey explained the machine to me. I was especially struck by the dividing head, which looked like a circular cribbage board and is used to make complicated calculations during the cutting process. Although the day man who had been using the machine had put a note on it saying that it wasn't to be disturbed, Whitey had done a little work on a gear the day man had been milling. He stopped this, patted the milling machine fondly, and said, "A milling machine is a hell of a fine machine to work with. They are a fine machine to run, but to be a good milling-machine hand you ought to be at it all the time. You learn something new every day with a milling machine."

Whitey is fifty-two and has been working since he was fourteen. His first job was in one of the shops of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, now a part of the Pennsylvania system. After two years as an office boy, he became a machinist's apprentice. Working more than fifty-five hours a week, he got four cents an hour his first year, six cents his second year, eight his third, and ten his fourth. When he was twenty, he became a journeyman and got sixteen cents an hour. "That wasn't bad, though," he said. "Bosses only got twenty-four."

Right now Whitey, Jim, and Tony often make more than $90 a week. They sometimes work seventy hours and rarely less than sixty. When the plant is going full force, they are supposed to work ten hours a night, seven nights a week. A few weeks of this and they get completely jittery. Their wives make them take a night off, and the men arrange among themselves which night it will be, so that the force will be able to carry on in their absence. Jim spends two hours a day getting to and from work and averages eleven hours at the factory. He has two vigorous children and his daytime sleep is seldom undisturbed. The rather high wages seem to impress Tony, Jim, and Whitey neither one way nor the other. They feel that they would rather be back on a forty- or forty-four-hour week and making between $50 and $70.

Tony came in, and the four of us sat for a while talking in large generalities about maintenance work. Jim compared their job to that of a fire depart-

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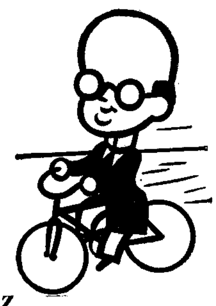

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ment: there for emergencies, much work some nights, little others. "In this job," he said, "if a machinist doesn't have the parts for a machine, he must make them. If he doesn't have the stuff to make them, he must get the machine running satisfactorily anyway."

"That's what a machinist is," Whitey said. "He can *make* things. Replacing parts is not a machinist."

"We go out to a machine and the operator tells us what his troubles are," Tony said, "and then we know what to look for and we find it. The less time a machine is down, the less production is lost."

The talk went on, sometimes desultory and sometimes rather heated, and once touched upon a fact that has always been amazing to me: that these men work on machines whose parts must be milled until they are no more than a thousandth or even a ten-thousandth of an inch out of the way. "Sometimes in a shop like this, where the work is fine," Tony said, "you get tolerance zero. You make a part, maybe three one-thousandths over, and you put it on a grinder and bring it down to on the nose."

"Look," Jim said. "When a machinist's off a five-thousandth, it's like a woman's slip shows an inch."

Some of the finest work in any shop, the men said, is done by the toolmakers and diemakers. They work with milling machines, lathes, and power presses, and sometimes with Do-alls, which have attachments for cutting, welding, shaping, and filing and are called one-man machine shops. These men work entirely from blueprints, and fashion the cutting edges, fixtures, dies, and working parts used in mass production. They are men of great talent and among the highest-paid craftsmen in industry. Neither Whitey, Tony, nor Jim has any desire to be a toolmaker, however. Each of them thinks he is better fitted for the skilled trouble-shooting he is doing now. "You see," Jim said, "a toolmaker is usually a fellow a shop man doesn't like. He's usually about seventy years old and he's usually cranky as the devil."

TONY and Jim went for another tour of the plant, and when they came back it was four-thirty, the hour for them to go home. This time I dodged the bell. Tony, Whitey, and Jim started for the locker room to change their clothes. Tony paused at the door. "Look at this guy Jim!" he called back to me. "Not a speck of grease on him. You can see who does all the work around here." —MARK MURPHY

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Moon and Steinbeck

MATINEE · 2 SHOWS
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JOHN STEINBECK was reprimanded by the drama critics and other figures of note for his characterization of some of the German officers in "The Moon Is Down," his play about the occupation of a European town. These characters, it was said, were not nearly vicious enough. Now Nunnally Johnson has made a movie of "The Moon Is Down," and although he seems to have toned down the winsomeness of the Germans to some degree, they are still not very far from the original models. For this he is the lucky recipient of my congratulations. All that Mr. Steinbeck did, actually, was to advance the theory that there are Germans, even in the army and even in positions of authority in the army, who are aware of the human principles they are constantly defying and who regret that there are such sturdy principles for them to overcome. Perhaps, in regard to Colonel Lanser, the head German in the play, Mr. Steinbeck even suggested that the man was so enlightened as to have some small amount of sympathy for those principles. If so, Mr. Steinbeck is still something short of a felon in the eyes of this court. To one who has for upward of six months been seeing a steady stream of films in which the enemy is universally depicted as not only a maniac but a dumb one, the outlook of Messrs. Steinbeck and Johnson comes as a relief. If the nation, or as large a portion of it as the movie public, can be persuaded that it is fighting as unsubtle a force as it often sees depicted on the silver screen, it won't deserve to win the war in a hurry.

One doubt that the picture might stir in the minds of some would be based on the colossal extent of the damage that the citizens of this Norwegian town (Mr. Johnson has come right out and told you that the scene is laid in Norway) are allowed by the Germans and Mr. Johnson to inflict by underground methods. Having assassinated a fair portion of the troops of occupation, they blow the living hell out of the town's main asset to the enemy, its coal mine. A certain amount of destruction was wrought in the play, but Mr. Johnson has stepped

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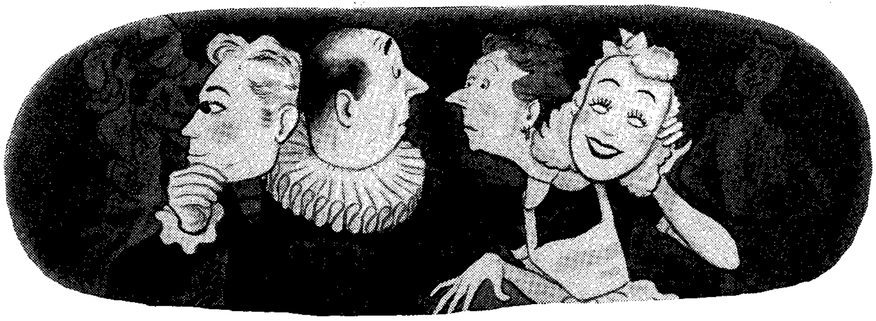

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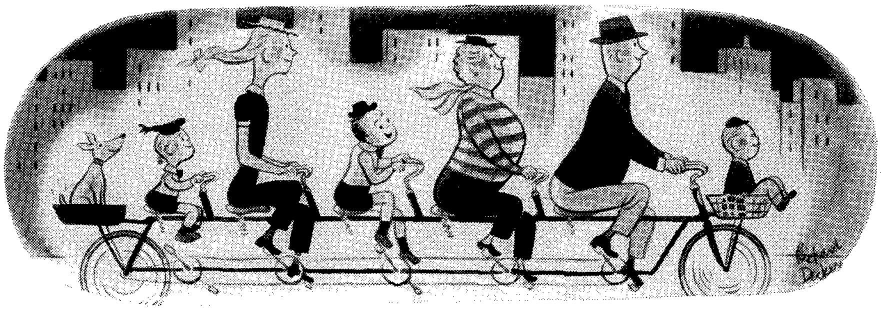

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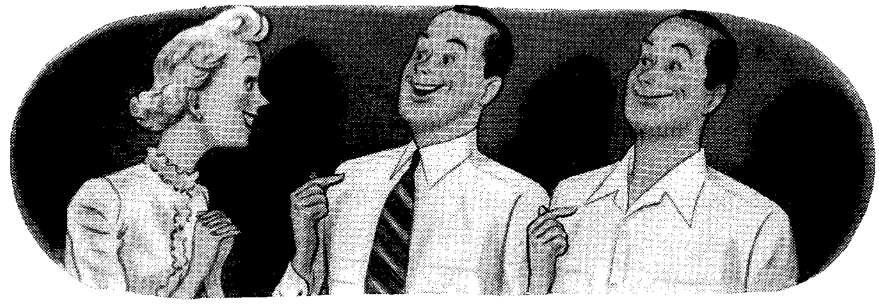

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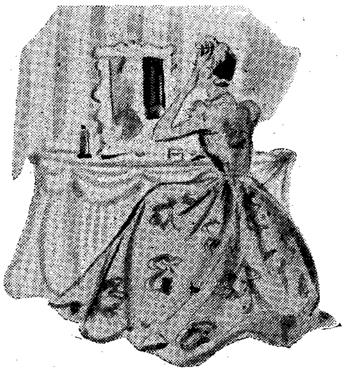
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AMERICAN DESIGN OF BEAUTY

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it up considerably. The Germans' only weapon against this activity is the execution of hostages. One suspects that in actuality they may have some surer means of control, some power to prevent as well as punish. One hopes not, but one is afraid so. Aside from that, Mr. Johnson has really improved on the play. He has kept most of the dialogue, which was fairly superior stuff, and has set it off with the extra dash of action that the play needed but couldn't lay its hands on, as a motion picture can. Also, the principals of the cast (Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden) are at least equal to their Broadway counterparts.

ANOTHER picture having to do with the struggles of an occupied people is "Chetniks!" (the exclamation point is Hollywood's), which is about General Mikhailovitch and his guerrillas. It is well intentioned, of course, and now and then has a convincing moment, but most of the time it is overcome by plot. Mikhailovitch (Philip Dorn) and his wife (Anna Sten) and children are all in it as leading characters, which may be a mistake. The General, at least, probably ought to remain a completely legendary figure until we have more dope on him. . . . "The Hard Way," with Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, and Jack Carson, also has plot trouble, mainly in regard to length. This is a shame, because Miss Lupino is always a pleasure to watch at work and in this case is matched by Morgan and Carson, who have some pretty good writing to support them. The trouble is that Miss Lupino, as a lady heel who wrecks a number of lives to satisfy the ambitions of her younger sister and herself, takes too long to come to justice. The first half of the film, which is about a dirty mining town and a corny vaudeville act that plays there, is the best. . . . "Happy Go Lucky," a musical, doesn't have much but Rudy Vallée as a millionaire yachtsman, the same part he played in his last picture, and Mary Martin singing "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay." . . . "Hello, Frisco, Hello," a musical with Alice Faye and John Payne, doesn't have much but Technicolor.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

MARRIAGE LICENSES ASKED

Charles L. T——, 32, plastered, 186 Lexington avenue; Marylyn H. W——, 25, 186 Lexington avenue.—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

Well, it's an exciting time for a man.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT is an ironic, though not particularly earth-shaking, fact that American women are only now learning—and learning the hard way, when times are tough—the practical fashion lesson which Paris tried to teach them when Paris was still gay (and reputedly frivolous) Paree. Our tendency, until recently, was to have a set of accessories that would "go with everything" and to buy quantities of bright, inexpensive dresses; the Parisiennes' was to spend their important money for one good black dress and vary it endlessly with trick notions in handbags, gloves, hats, and the like—a sound, uncomplicated, and gay theory, as we are belatedly finding out.

At Macy's Little Shops (on the second floor), they have really gone to town on matching accessories, and especially on colorful gloves. The best of them are the simple ones, such as long, hand-stitched suède gantlets that flare just enough to go comfortably over an average suit sleeve. These appear in colors like raspberry, wisteria, pink, turquoise, and many others. They are $7.44. All kinds of gloves are made to order here in about a week—some to accompany the satin handbags which the Little Shops prefer to faille ones for dressy wear, others with cuffs to match alligator or snakeskin handbags for daytime, and so on. (Warning: Two things that match are usually enough for any costume; using more than two is likely to make you look overdone and anxious.) Hunky earrings in colors to match the gloves are made of plastic dotted with gleaming beads, and you can also get splashy lapel ornaments in the form of bowknots, or hands holding a bouquet, or whatever. A magnificent pink rayon-satin ascot has gathered and ruffled ends, and there are gloves to match; other scarves form a bouffant ruffle in the V of whatever coat dress or suit you own.

While we are up in the Little Shops, it might be well to note that a fair supply of pure-silk blouses is still on hand there. You'll find things like black polka-dotted crêpe with bows at the throat, white polka-dotted shantungs, and pink chiffon blouses that have bows at the neck and fine pleating below the yokes and are among the loveliest in town for afternoon or dinner suits.

As for headgear, there are also frivolities, to be worn across the back of the head, such as things resembling bicycle-clip bands with vast clusters of flowers that bunch, like Cho Cho San's, beside each ear.

THESE bands are just another indication of something that's becoming clearer and clearer: the pompadour and the elaborate, upswept hairdo will soon be an oddity, not a fashion. More and more, hats and hair ornaments are designed for heads that are completely smooth on top—a trend which is jumping the gun against the time when favorite hairdressers march away to threshing machines or assembly lines and straight hair perforce goes into a simple Madonna coiffure or a brushed-away-from-the-ears 1943 version of the shingle bob. Tight, formal curls are already disappearing, and an easy wave in hair that is the shortest in a decade is taking their place.

Even so grand a custom designer as Nicole de Paris, champion of the *grande-dame* profile hat of folded felt and decorated with the most expert grosgrain bows, gives consideration to the flat-headed cap. Hers is an enchanting, youthful, nurse's type, with a fluted ruffle of white piqué across the head and navy straw points flaring out low back of the ears. This is shown with one of the best arrive-fresh-at-your-destination dresses I've seen—a simple navy-blue crêpe one with a small white piqué collar and piqué-centred buttons down the front. A white piqué front panel and flaring cuffs to freshen up your costume can be carried in your handbag and buttoned on as easily as can be. Nicole's solution of the short-dinner-dress problem is also noteworthy. It goes back for its inspiration, like many other dresses in her collection, to the French styles of 1914. She shows, too, an embroidered white organdie overdress that has a black ciré satin slip, looks equally wonderful with a large or a small hat, and can be laundered like a handkerchief. Nicole is at 25 East 55th.

LITTLE women who love capes and don't like the makeshift of coats worn with sleeves dangling still have a friend in Zoe de Salle, at 18 East 53rd Street. She knows just how to make jaunty day-length affairs that fit firmly over the shoulders and have, for extra anchorage, a big button at the throat. Her manner of working out dresses with wide yokes, dolman sleeves, and skirts swinging from a tiny waistline is so dateless that women come in with seven-year-old de Salle models, pleading to have them copied. All her things are, as always, custom.

FRANK DE GEZ, 46 West 48th Street, is that rarest of prodigies, a man's tailor who also knows how to cut a skirt. This is one reason women, barely recovered from having said goodbye to men departing in de Gez uniforms, are sweeping in on him. Lots of men's tailors can make a classic suit jacket that has proper breadth of shoulder and a trim fit through the waistline and still allows freedom of movement, but many of them find skirts difficult. Not de Gez, though; he bears in mind that women's hips aren't like men's when he goes about making a skirt or even a pair of slacks. His suits are in the neighborhood of $85, custom-made, and he has quantities of good, sturdy, and decorative woollens on hand.

WHILE there are still some hairdressers around, short-haired women should try a cold permanent wave. It's wonderful. The advantage of it is that hair almost as short as a man's can be given a wave that literally starts at the scalp, and though it costs a bit more than the regulation permanents, it lasts longer. It gets its name from the fact that during the process cold chemicals squdge through the tubes that are attached to each future curl. Two men who do masterly jobs are William, at Lura de Gez (Mrs. Frank de Gez, as you probably know), 714 Fifth Avenue (55th), and Bernord az Guro, at 441 Madison (50th). Incidentally, both of them are magnificent at shaping and cutting hair, which is increasingly important as the oversized coiffure vanishes and the small, trim hairdo takes its place. —L. L.

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THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From an adv. in the Pasadena Post*]

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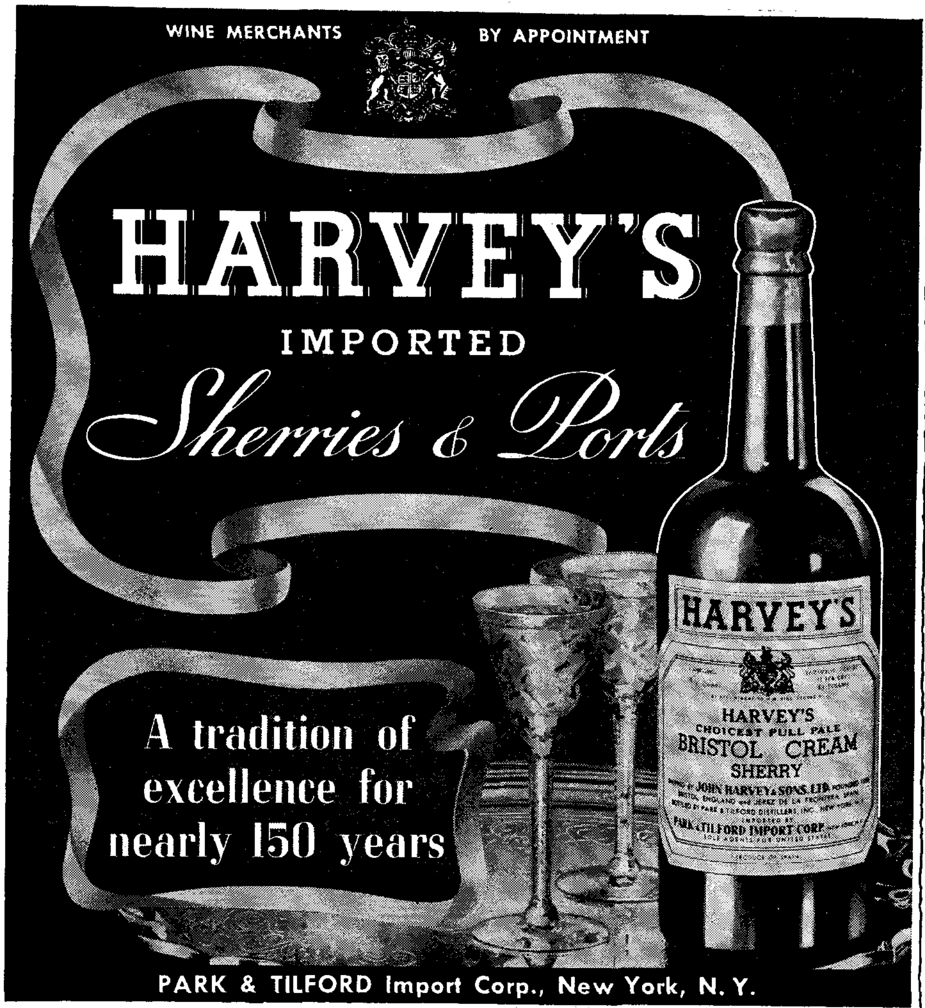
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THE ART GALLERIES

Hardly a Corpse

THE peculiar thing about abstract painting is that it won't stay dead. At least once every season, and frequently oftener, someone pronounces a funeral oration over its remains, and the tone of the address is seldom kindly. It's a gag, it's a trick, it's a racket—that's the usual story—or a device cooked up by unscrupulous artists to conceal their ineptitude and employed by them to bamboozle the public. It's a fad, French-inspired and therefore decadent; one, moreover, that really honest and sensible artists have seen through and abandoned long ago. And now (I'm still quoting) even the hardiest of its one-time supporters have turned thumbs down on it, and the only thing left for its practitioners to do is to devote their talents frankly to designing wallpaper or, better still, go back to art school and learn to draw.

Most of this is nonsense, of course, though not all. There's no doubt, for instance, that to a good many painters in recent years abstractionism has offered an easy escape from the rigors of academic training, and in some cases their work has fallen short of full development in consequence. On the other hand, I have never known a mature artist who regretted such ventures as he may have made into non-objective painting, even though he turned away from it later on. Instead, those who have ventured feel that the discipline the style imposed and the schooling it gave them in the principle of pure design were invaluable. As for the wallpaper motif that threads through so much discussion of the matter, that's a problem, I have decided, that is more or less unanswerable, since it depends so much on the aesthetic viewpoint of the person who propounds it. If you can't see the difference between a good abstraction, with all the striving for balanced and harmonious expression that went into it, and a section of even the very best wallpaper, then you're probably a person who looks at painting not for its pattern or its formal qualities but for something else, such as its story content or its color appeal, and the best thing to do is to forget about abstractionism entirely. If you can see the difference, well, then, you can see the difference and no explanation is necessary.

The real clincher in the argument about the worth or non-worth of abstract painting, however, is its extraordinary vitality. Kicked around as it is, it still goes on. This week, for instance, there is one big collection devoted to the non-objective—the American Abstract Artists' seventh annual at the Riverside Museum—in addition to a couple of one-man shows by Matta and by Byron Browne, and the conviction grows that an art form with so much persistence and pep can hardly be called a corpse. The affair at the Riverside is a good show, too, though it's slightly difficult to write about. The American Abstract Artists, always stern in its insistence that no trace of the objective shall appear in any of its members' canvases, this year has abolished titles as well. Only numbers are used, and though I suppose that's O.K. in a way, it puts the critic under the necessity of referring to a picture he likes as, say, 36B, a procedure that somehow seems rather chill.

What you'll see, anyway, is a collection which proves that our American abstract movement is reaching real maturity. Influences appear, of course—Kandinsky, Hans Arp, and Picasso being the principal ones—but in the main these are well assimilated. The range of expression is unusually wide, from the bold, broadly rhythmic concoctions of Carl Holty to the sharply linear, beautifully precise paintings of Josef Albers, and from George L. K. Morris's massive, richly colored compositions to the more delicately handled ones by Ray Rames and I. Rice Pereira. All these artists show excellent pieces, as do Charles G. Shaw and Albert Swinden, but the real surprise of the exhibition is a man named A. D. F. Reinhardt, a newcomer—to me, at least—and one whose work I should certainly like to see more of. He does collages, little, intricate fabrications of bright-colored bits of paper, very tight and concentric in design, and they're remarkably vivid and appealing.

I SUPPOSE I shall get into trouble with someone for calling Matta an abstractionist, but it's hard to know how else to classify his paintings. He is showing drawings this time, in pencil and water color combined, at Julien Levy, and they're as gleaming and opalescent in color and as generally out of this world in feeling as his oils are. In a

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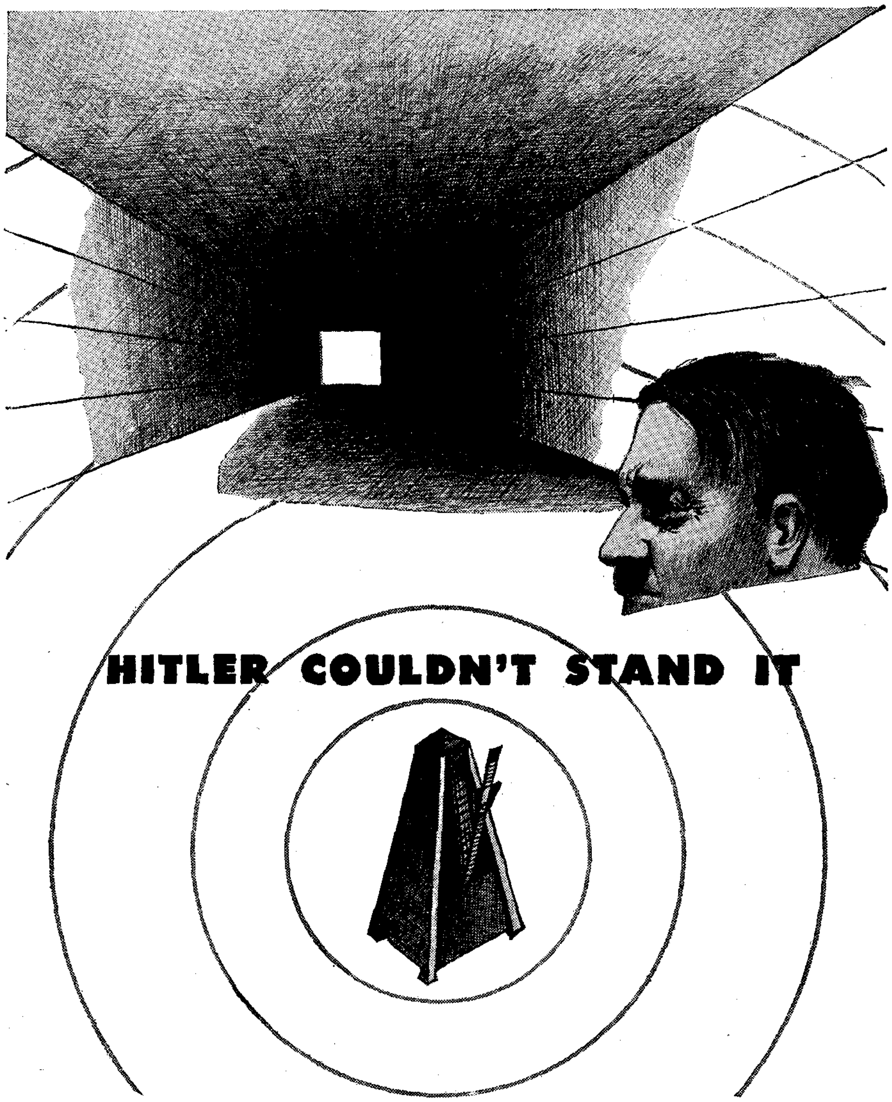

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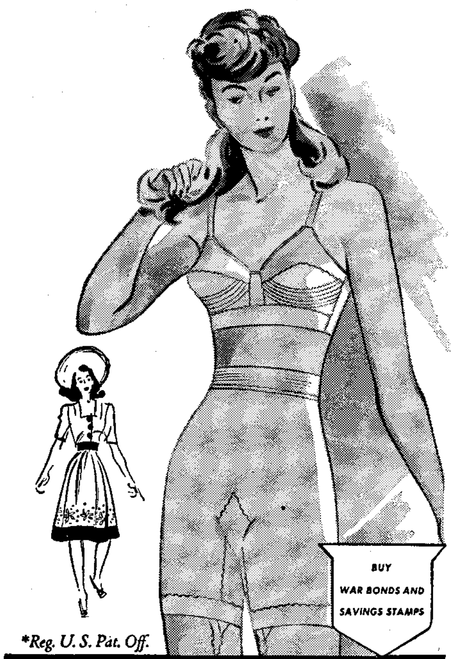

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way, they are even more interesting than his oils. Their impact is less, but perhaps for that reason one's attention is drawn more closely to the technical virtuosity of the man, which is nothing short of amazing. They're light things, admittedly, mere glancing impressions, and at times the fantasy that inspires them is too close to cuteness for comfort. But the draftsmanship is exquisite throughout, and some—"Nerve Currents," "The Carnivorous Flower," and "La Pierre Philosophale," with its glittering, butterfly-like shapes—are both handsome and satisfying.

BYRON BROWNE, our other abstractionist, is at the Pinacotheca, with a group of new oils. Mr. Browne is a follower of Picasso, and he makes no bones about admitting it; half of the paintings in the collection are as close to being little Picassos without being real Picassos as could be imagined. Now, such imitativeness usually implies a certain slavishness; one concludes, to be frank, that the perpetrator has no mind of his own. In the case of Mr. Browne, however, this doesn't quite seem to be true, for in the rest of the show, in which he gets off on his own, he reveals—in such pieces as the large, involved "Image" and the five really splendidly conceived portrait studies, all called "Head"—a thoroughly respectable inventiveness as well as the beginnings of a highly interesting personal symbolism. Maybe Picasso is just a habit with Mr. Browne and he is getting to the point where he can take him or leave him alone. Maybe he has to turn to the master occasionally, as to a fount, before starting on his researches. All I know is that if he'd spend more time investigating his own resources, which I think are considerable, he'd be a much more effective artist.

—ROBERT M. COATES

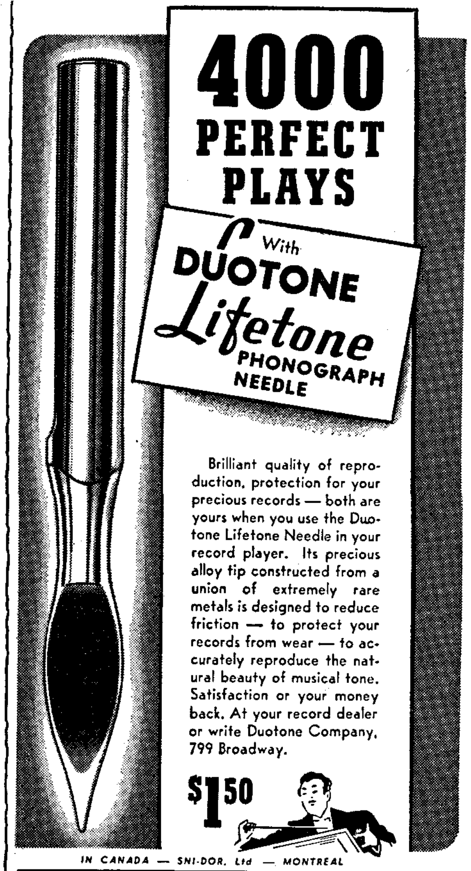
•

Sir,—I would consider it a great favor if you would publish this letter because it is the only hope I have of extending my sincerest apologies to a certain driver of a car. It was at noon hour on a road that leads out of the McGill grounds toward University and Pine avenue that I, not knowing, caused this man an inconvenience by delaying him on my account. If he reads this he might more clearly remember if I were to state the fact that I am a young girl. It was quite tolerant of him to slow his car, but I was too embarrassed to think of the correct thing to do at the time.

M. T.

—*Letter in the Montreal Star.*

O.K., but see that you cause no further delays.



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LOUNGE-CAR BLONDE

AT first everybody on the train, including me, mistook her for a minor movie actress. She even looked vaguely familiar, having that typical little blank valentine face they have by the thousands in Hollywood and a long bob of violently yellow hair. She was small and blue-eyed and very young; she didn't look more than nineteen. At all the daytime stops between Chicago and Los Angeles she got out and strolled the station platforms, bareheaded, in quite a good mink coat.

At dinner on the second night out of Chicago the steward seated her opposite me at a small table. This seemed to displease her, and she glanced about looking for another one—presumably one offering a gentleman. There were no other empty places, however, so she settled down, called the waiter by crying "Say!" at him, and ordered a tomato-salad sandwich and some tea. When the tea came, she tasted it, cried "Say!" again, and added that the tea was cold. Eventually she addressed me, remarking that the train was drafty, wasn't it, and going on to announce that she had caught a terrible cold since getting on at Chicago and that it seemed to exaggerate the mountain pressure in her ears, so that she felt lousy.

Beginning with this, we talked through the rest of the meal, she doing most of the talking, and afterward we adjourned to the lounge car, where she went right on. Her name was Jocelyn Johnson and she lived in Chicago with her mother and stepfather. She had been married and divorced three times—twice to and from the same man, though, so that didn't really count as two, she supposed. "He was my second and third husband," she added. She didn't tell me anything about the first one.

Her second and third husband's name was Johnson, just like hers. "I mean it was my maiden name," she said, "and his too." He came from New York but was working in Chicago, so they lived there. In Chicago you can get a divorce very quickly, it seems, and she got her first divorce from this second and third husband in what she called nothing flat. She just got mad and got it, aided by a lawyer who was a friend of hers and who put it right through for her. She stayed divorced for a few months, then remarried Johnson, and after a few months more divorced him again. "That was just the other day," she remarked pensively.

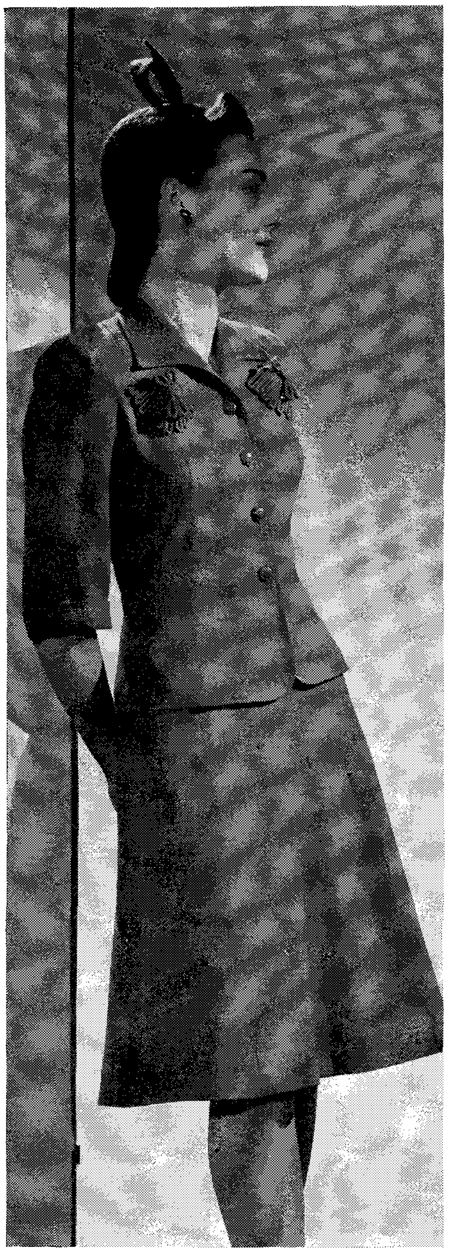
I said something about the coincidence of her husband's having the same surname as her own, and she said, "Yes. Well, we're a funny family, we Johnsons. My brother married a girl named Johnson, too. And as far as divorces are concerned, they kind of run in our family, you might say. My father's been divorced five times. He's a dentist," she added.

She was now on her way to Los Angeles to visit a girl called Boo Boo—"only of course that isn't really her name. It's just a nickname." It seemed that Boo Boo was another recent divorcée and, furthermore, she was a terrific little gadabout who had just had a nervous breakdown. "So now she wants to travel," said my companion, "so maybe we'll go travelling together, if we can find any place to travel to." She said that they both had a great yen to go to Rio, for example, only of course they probably couldn't go to Rio now, so they'd probably just go to Frisco. "Anything may happen," she wound up contentedly.

It was all like that. There wasn't a brain in her head, but there was good humor in her light little voice and you couldn't help liking her. When I finally got up and started for bed, she bade me good night as though we were intimates and assured me that we would see each other again in the morning. In the morning, when I went through the lounge car on my way to a late cup of coffee in the diner, she was established there with several of the more Hollywood-looking fellow-passengers (male) and called out to me that she had slept well and felt marvellous today.

A little later, when we were getting near Los Angeles, she appeared in my compartment door, saying "Oh, *here* you are!" in the tone of one who has been hunting everywhere, and, settling down, she asked me at what hotel I was going to stop. I told her, and she said, "There's just a chance that my friend won't meet me—she's such a terrific little gadabout and she may be in Frisco—and if she doesn't meet me, maybe I'll go to the hotel where you are. You see, I'm not used to travelling alone and it's been making me kind of nervous, so I'd like to stay where some friend of mine is staying—you know. You feel better."

I had an immediate vision of nursing this thrice-divorced baby through Hollywood, but I said, "Well, of course," meanwhile praying that Boo Boo would be there. "And anyway," the child was saying, "let's get off the train together. I mean I'd hate to get off alone. I mean



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I'm just not used to it." So I agreed at least to see her out of the station.

WE arrived, and I waited a minute, but there was no sign of her in the streaming crowd, so I got my luggage arranged for and started off without her. At that moment she hoo-hooed to me from a distance, and I beheld her flanked on both sides, as well as at the rear, by the Hollywood males. I took it for granted that they constituted enough of a bodyguard, so I called back something like "Well, *you* seem to be all right. Goodbye," but not at all. "No, wait!" she cried after me anxiously, so wait I did, perforce, for Baby, and also for the Hollywood males, whom she seemed to know only as Bill and Joe and Tom and Jimmie and so forth.

There were at least five of them, and there was one of myself, and there were also all our porters, so we really made quite a company, all escorting Baby out of the station. She wouldn't let any of us leave her immediate neighborhood, *not by so much as six inches.* "No, don't go away! Stay here with me!" she kept crying on all sides.

The Hollywood males were wearing anxious expressions by this time—I think they were all being met at the outer gate by their wives—and even I was a little alarmed by this clinging vine, who now suddenly claimed to feel faint. "Very faint," she said firmly. So it was a vast relief to all concerned when her friend Boo Boo (a brunette siren, as dark as Baby was blonde and about as young) was found to be waiting at the gate, on schedule. We all delivered our little charge with inward sighs of thankfulness and dispersed to take part in the general battle for transportation. Baby, of course, had at once acquired a large and lordly taxi, and she was headed straight for Hollywood itself when I last saw her. —KATHARINE BRUSH

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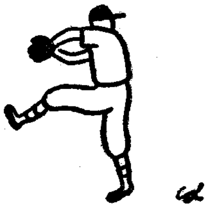
NOTES ON SPORTS

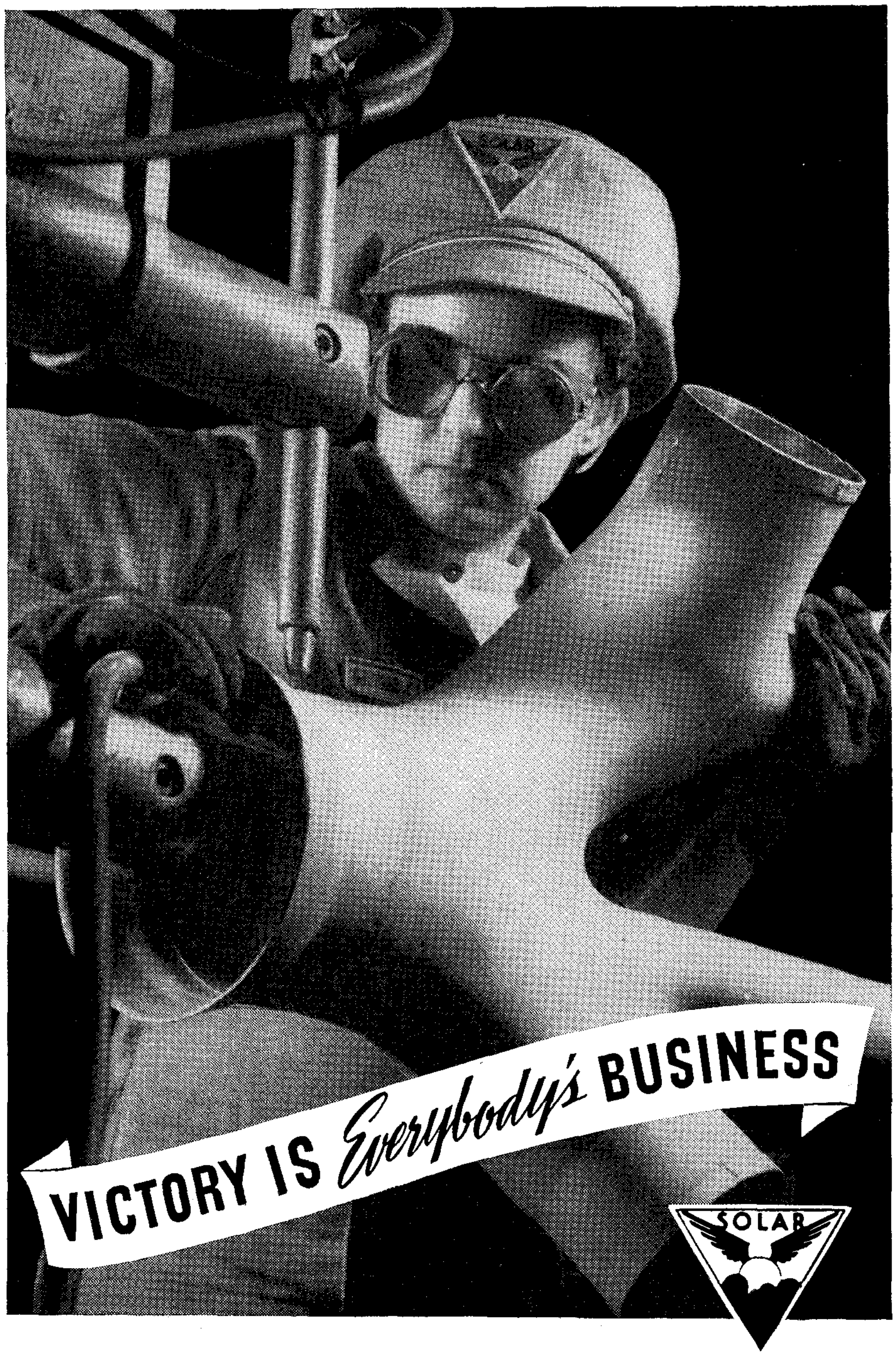
Baseball As Usual



THE pre-season season for baseball opens next week, the local manifestation being an exhibition game between the Dodgers and the Red Sox at Ebbets Field on Saturday. The Yankees will play the Newark Bears at Plainfield, New Jersey, the same day. The Giants will start off with a couple of games with the Red Sox the following weekend. Also, some time soon the Dodgers, the Yankees, and the Giants will play each other in a doubleheader at the Stadium for the benefit of the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, according to an announcement by F. H. LaGuardia. How three teams are going to play each other in a doubleheader F. H. didn't say, but he will no doubt be able to dope it out. Then, on the twenty-first, the season proper will begin, with the Giants playing the Dodgers at Ebbets Field and the Yankees playing the Senators at the Stadium. Thus, as you can see, there will be just as much baseball around this spring as any other, in spite of the forebodings of the past few months. That it will continue through the summer and wind up with a World Series in the fall is uncertain but perfectly possible. For one thing, there's no telling how many punctured ear drums and twisted joints will show up to thwart the draft. Ball players, when pulled out of their milieu and put to some unaccustomed test, often turn out to be rather unusual physical specimens for professional athletes. Last year, during the training season, one whole club was told to run a mile and only three or four heroes finished.

The weather is still too cold for prophets. When it gets warmer, of course, the seers will come out of their caves and sun themselves and estimate the pennant chances of each team. By that time, too, the various rosters will be established; it's by no means definite yet just who will be playing for whom. It is certainly too early, for example, to say that the two St. Louis teams, the Browns in the American League and the Cards in the National, look like a good double.

One lineup that has been just about straightened out is that of the owners of the Philadelphia Phillies, the club whose franchise was in peril last year on ac-



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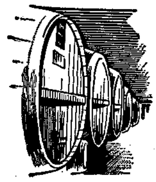

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count of a heavy burden of debt. A deal has now been officially closed transferring the franchise to a syndicate headed by William D. Cox, a New York gentleman who dabbles in lumber. Mr. Cox has named most of his board of directors, perhaps the most experienced baseball operator of whom is John H. Potter, of Philadelphia, formerly an officer of a couple of minor-league clubs. He has been keeping his hand in lately at the supervision of public attractions by managing Gertrude Lawrence.

TWO recent developments in golf circles threaten to create quite a bit of congestion on the nation's courses. Ed Dudley, president of the Professional Golfers' Association, has stated that Paul V. McNutt is in favor of all the wartime activity in the sport that will not interfere with the war effort. Dudley points out that golfers have been hesitant about appearing unpatriotic and have therefore stayed off their local links, but that they should now feel encouraged to take up the game again. At the same time, the United States Golf Association, a different outfit altogether from Dudley's, is promoting the planting of Victory gardens on the courses of its member clubs. It does not recommend the plowing up of greens and fairways but it does suggest the conversion of areas not covered with expensive turf. Presumably you could raise onions in the traps, for example, the onion being a vegetable that does well in sandy soil. At any rate, it looks as though golf clubs will be lively places once more, what with the reassured golfers and the newly enlisted gardeners all converging on them at once. A No. 5 or 6 iron is considered best, incidentally, for getting out of tomato patches.

SAMMY ANGOTT, in winning a decision over Willie Pep at the Garden last Friday, showed a disposition to wrestle that was unpopular with the crowd and also with this department. He gave indications of being a fair boxer, and nobody objected to his use of his fists, but he looked like a very bad wrestler indeed, which wounded everyone's sensibilities. This department is willing to wrestle him, amateur rules, provided he doesn't have time to pick up any pointers. —D. L.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Met Singers

GOOD old operatic opera paid off handsomely at the Metropolitan in the special nonsubscription performances served up last week. Saturday afternoon, for instance, there was a lineup at the box office that stretched west on Thirty-ninth Street from Broadway and around onto Seventh Avenue. For what? For the Met's only "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" of the season. As a bonus, the Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda" was thrown in, but people don't usually stand in line for a look at that dance. The ham-and-eggs of grand opera, as the Mascagni and Leoncavallo works have long been known in learned musico-dramatic circles, pulled them in, all right. So, throughout the season, did such other regulation items as "Aïda," "Carmen," and "Faust." There was nothing extraordinary about the casts, and you couldn't even win a set of dishes. Maybe there are involved aesthetic reasons for the popularity of the stock pieces, or perhaps it's just that people who like opera like it straight.

The "Pagliacci" show wasn't, however, without its novelties. Except for Giovanni Martinelli, all of the principals were singers who hadn't been heard in this opera at the Metropolitan, and the conductor was Cesare Sodero, who put new zingo into the score. Marita Farell, pinch-hitting, was an unusually effective Nedda, and the voices of Leonard Warren and Walter Cassel were of great value. John Dudley did more than you generally see and hear with the rôle of Beppe, the juvenile and the business manager for the little-theatre group of the story. Mr. Martinelli's Canio is an old favorite, and last week it seemed to have even more dramatic impact than it used to have. Possibly a certain sarcasm that has got into his characterization has rounded out the picture. There were large ovations for Mr. Warren's prologue and Mr. Martinelli's two big airs, and a general uproar for everybody afterward. "Pagliacci" seems to have box-office possibilities. "Cavalleria Rusticana" was only pretty good, the singing being of uneven quality and the teamwork uncertain at times. When, however, everything clicked, as in the duet by Zinka Milanov and Frederick

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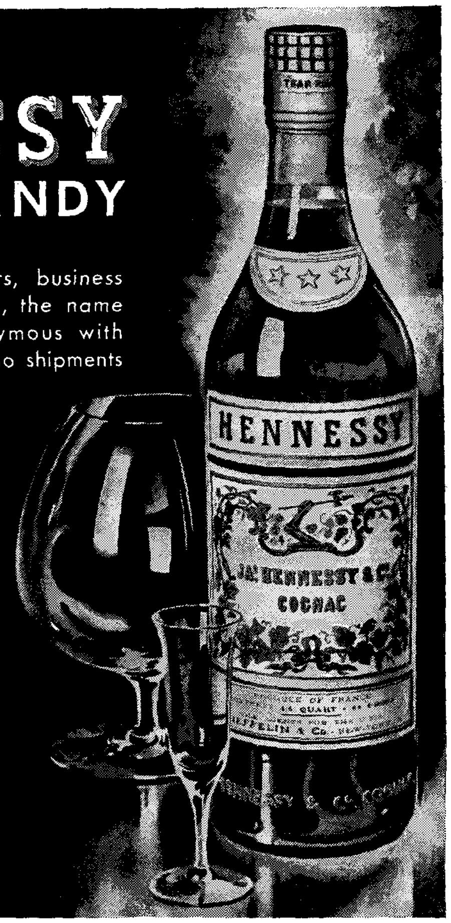

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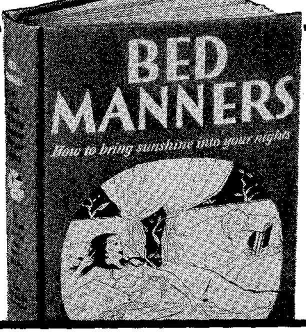

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Jagel, the consumers batted out clattering approval.

SEVERAL of this season's new singers probably will be heard in more important business later on. No upheavals were created by the additions to the roster, but there were excellent contributions by such artists as Frances Greer, James Melton, and Lorenzo Alvary. Turning for a moment to the older standbys, it should be noted that the prompters sang with their customary tone but with much greater discretion.

For several years it has been evident that the Metropolitan has been building up strength in secondary parts. There was a time when singers who sang fourth ragpickers and fifth old gypsies didn't often advance beyond third ragpicker or, in exceptional cases, second old gypsy. Nowadays many of the people engaged to do the bits are considered potential leads. As a result, some of the old routine may be missing in the bits (which is O.K. here), but the sound is pleasanter. The improvement in minor casting is one of the Metropolitan's important, if unspectacular, achievements.

IT was unusual to find two eminent conductors appearing at the piano for singers at Town Hall within a few days of each other. Last week Bruno Walter played at a Schubert-Brahms-Wolf-Mahler program for Lotte Lehmann, and Hugh Ross collaborated in a diversified bill with John Gurney.

Mr. Walter's pianism isn't unfamiliar hereabouts, since he has played both at orchestral concerts and in the opera. His accompaniments were somewhat restrained at first, but by the time he got around to Mahler he was going along with the singer's dramatic projection. Mme. Lehmann was at her very best. Mr. Ross assisted in musicianly fashion through Mr. Gurney's refreshingly unorthodox layout of music, which began with Ernst Bacon's settings of poems by Walt Whitman. The program didn't sound as striking as it looked on paper, which was due partly to the music itself and partly to some of the performances, but Mr. Gurney deserves gratitude for not simply doing the usual stuff that a man with a good bass baritone voice might have considered a concert.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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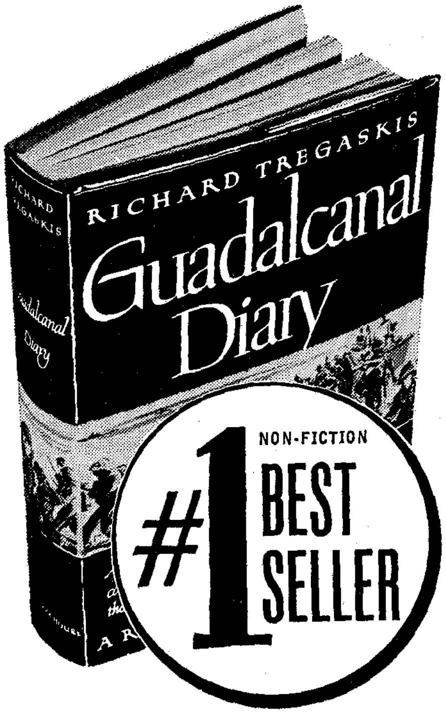

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BOOKS

Manifest Destiny

IN "The Year of Decision: 1846," Bernard DeVoto has written the solidest book of his career and illuminated with living scholarship one of the crucial moments of our national existence. This department timidly commends Mr. DeVoto to the attention of the Pulitzer Prize judges.

Pompous but dynamic, the phrase "manifest destiny" was coined in 1845 by some forgotten journalist. Only a few months were to pass before the two words suddenly exploded into action, or rather a thousand actions, great and small. It is with these actions "of some people who went West in 1846," as the author casually puts it, that his book is concerned. Their personal experiences turned out to be national experiences. The men, women, and children, the soldiers, emigrants, and exiles, the freebooters, adventurers, and scouts who went West in the fateful year 1846 all contributed to the formation of what Mr. DeVoto calls the continental mind. In that year we laid down the vast new boundaries of our expanding nation. In that year we decided, half unconsciously, that we were an empire. In that year American sectionalism began the slow process of dying whose end our children will probably live to see.

By the same token, 1846 made inevitable the first great test of our continental solidarity, the Civil War. The acquisition of the Southwest and the Far West, which became non-slave territory, set in motion the train of events that led unswervingly to Fort Sumter.

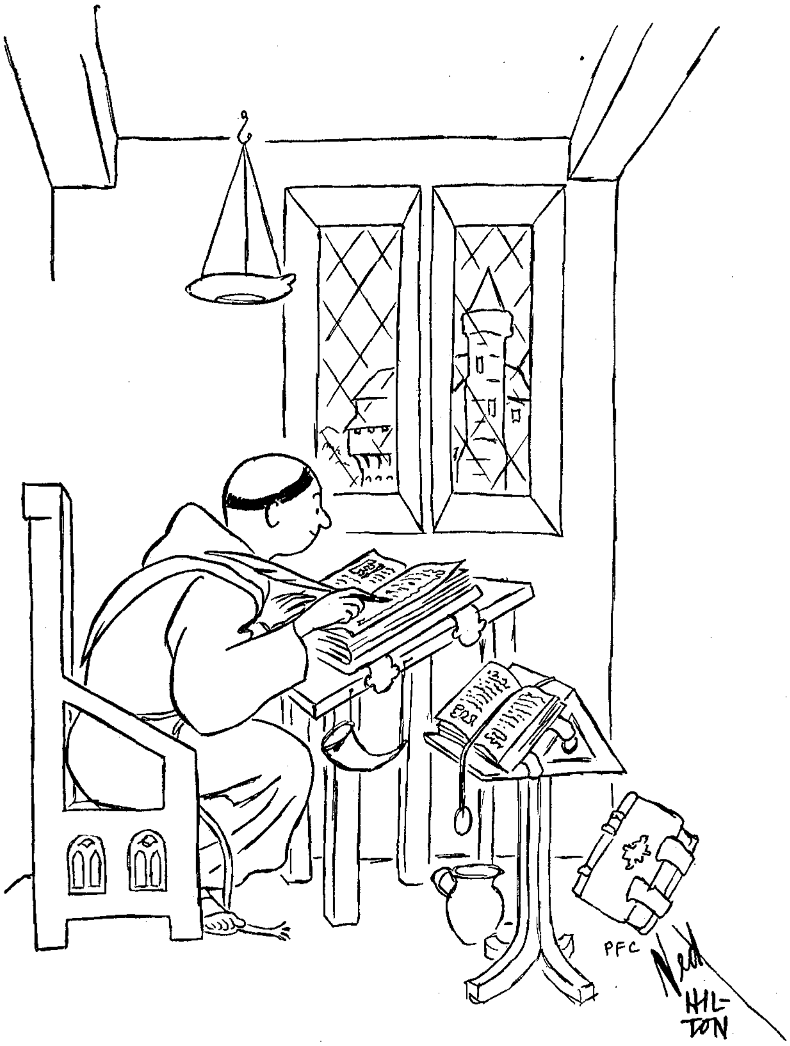
These are the grand themes forming the ground swell of Mr. DeVoto's lengthy, complexly orchestrated symphony of narratives. He tells not one story but many, yet each of them is related by his penetrating historical sense (it is really more like the intuition of a good novelist) to the vast westering movement which in one way or another dominated the nation in 1846.

1846 is the year of the Mexican War, that murky imperialist venture which is still glossed over in the history books that furnish our school children with their first concrete knowledge of their country. Mr. DeVoto tells the story with skill and honesty. The Mexican adventure was one of those wars of which one judges the motives to be impure and the results, on the whole, good. President Polk, the intense, narrow-minded, clear-headed author of the war, is given a classic portrayal, as are Zachary Taylor, of whom Mr. DeVoto thinks little, and Winfield Scott, of whom he thinks well.

The Mexican War, the author makes plain, was but the lever by which we were enabled to move into our orbit that western world then known as California, an area far larger than the present state. California was acquired through the weird, comic-opera machinations of Frémont, who comes nearest, perhaps, to functioning as the villain of Mr. DeVoto's story.

The "system of energies" (in the author's phrase) that gave us California and New Mexico and Arizona and the immense reaches of the Oregon Territory—this same system, operating on quite other levels, sent the Mormons westward from Illinois on one of the most successful colonial exploits in all history; impelled the Donner Party to their agonizing and fatal tragedy; produced the "mountain men," like Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and the lesser-known but equally important Jim Clyman, who created the trails that made possible the development of the continental mind; evoked from stay-at-homes such as Emerson and Thoreau a kind of intellectual expansionism; drew the sick Francis Parkman to the Rockies to study the life of the Indians; and drove emigrants of all sorts thousands of miles westward into a land of which they knew little and from which they hoped to gain much.

Mr. DeVoto, born in Ogden, Utah, has the West in his blood—its emigrant journals, its legends, its heroes and villains, the superb and desolate beauty of its mountains, the strange magnetism of its vast emptiness. Thus his book, though good history, is more than that. It is, at its best, drama and poetry. There are



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certain pages—those on Stephen Foster, for instance—that will go into anthologies. On the other hand, the very completeness of Mr. DeVoto's knowledge at times betrays him into allusiveness and complication of detail, into densities in which the casual reader is soon lost.

I should add that Mr. DeVoto is no flag-waver. "The Year of Decision" is a chronicle of expansion; 1846 was a year of monumental national achievement, yet in the face of this the author never loses his sense of proportion. If 1846 evoked actions of moving gallantry, it also evoked actions, such as Frémont's, of shameful dishonesty. Mr. DeVoto is ironical when irony is needed, and it is often needed. Jingoes will not care for his book, but on the other hand those who interpret all critical events in the cold light of economic determinism will find Mr. DeVoto's historical sense too rich and various for their taste. 1846 was a year of crass territorial annexation, yet it was also a year of profound national emotion, in which we decided as a people to change our way of life. It is with the drama of that complex resolution that Mr. DeVoto's book deals, and deals magnificently.

IT'S hard to judge "The Forest and the Fort," Hervey Allen's new novel, because it is but the first part of what will eventually be a six-panelled volume to be known as "The Disinherited." The entire project is obviously of dimensions even more titanic than "Anthony Adverse," and it is not quite fair to the reader to offer him so small and indeterminate a sample.

The scene is the American forest (western Pennsylvania) during the French and Indian Wars. Mr. Allen's hero, Salathiel Albine, is a sort of Anthony Adverse revised by Fenimore Cooper. Kidnapped in childhood by some Shawnees, he grows up as an Indian warrior, but, as you might expect, the long arm of civilization reaches out for him, he reverts to the ways of the white man (some amusing chapters here), and engages, under the doughty Captain Simeon Ecuyer, in the defense of Fort Pitt. He also engages in one or two offensive operations, rather unsuccessful, on the light ladies who maintain the morale of the fort. When we last glimpse Salathiel's soldierly countenance, he is on his way to Fort Bedford, a hundred miles to the east, committed to a philosophy of freedom far more complex and wide-reaching than any learned among his Indian colleagues.

Mr. Allen's indefatigable research

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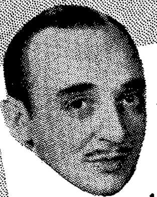

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suffices to make his braves, Englishmen, Quakers, mercenaries, and Irish maids authentic enough, even though there is wafted to us an occasional dusty odor from original documents used not wisely but too well. As storytelling, however, this is not up to "Anthony Adverse"—a judgment which, one hopes, will have to be revised when the remaining five-sixths of "The Disinherited" is available. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DARK WEDDING, by Ramón J. Sender, translated from the Spanish by Eleanor Clark. An interesting story of beauty not too distressed among the crazed Calibans of a penal colony on a Caribbean island. The virgin widow of the convicts' murdered keeper becomes the object of violent rivalry among them. With the aid of a loony marijuana peddler, a young schoolteacher spirits her away to a grotto, and their love idyll is interwoven with a growing nightmare of superstition, lust, obscenity, and murder. Innocence and young love triumph. The whole thing is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, which seems to suggest that this, maybe, is life.

BY NATURE FREE, by Hiram Haydn. A poor suburb of Cleveland just before our entry into the war is the background for this study of the relationships of a man and his young wife, the man's wise old father, and a brother who tries to seduce the wife. Mr. Haydn presents his characters with warmth and insight and brings an intelligent and literate contemplation to the problems of freedom and faith which confront us all today.

MONKEY, by Wu Ch'êng-ên, translated by Arthur Waley. An abridged version, brilliantly translated, of a classic satirical fairy tale which, as Dr. Hu Shih points out in his introduction, has delighted millions of Chinese children and adults for over three hundred years.

GENERAL

SOUTH FROM CORREGIDOR, by Lieutenant Commander John Morrill, U. S. N., and Pete Martin. The odyssey of eighteen men off the Manila minesweepers who escaped after the fall of Corregidor in a thirty-six-foot motor launch and made their way through some 2,200 miles of Japanese-controlled waters to Australia. These were good seamen, led

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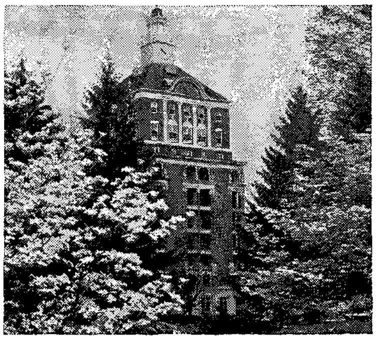

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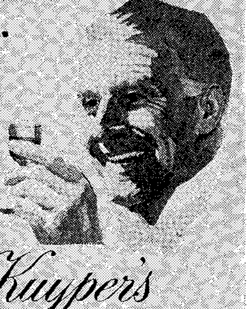

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by a superlative seaman, Commander Morrill himself, and their story is a honey on every count. Well told in general; the narrative method might, though, have been simpler. A portion of the book has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Maps, but not adequate ones.

THEY CALL IT PACIFIC, by Clark Lee. The author, an A.P. correspondent in Manila, saw many of the events Commander Morrill describes (see above) and escaped earlier over much the same route in a freighter bound for Darwin. Some excellent eyewitness chapters on the fighting in Luzon. The rest of the book, however, doesn't quite live up to them.

WAR DISCOVERS ALASKA, by Joseph Driscoll. Brisk feature-article views of wartime Alaska—air transport, Sitka, the new highway, the shortage of women, and so on—by a roving *Herald Tribune* reporter. Photographs.

WE FIGHT WITH MERCHANT SHIPS, by M. B. Palmer. Readable, up-to-date report on our critical shipping problem: the background since 1917, advances in shipbuilding, the submarine war, and the more or less tangled setup in Washington that directs our war traffic in every ocean. Some fresh material. Photographs.

FORCE AND FREEDOM, by Jacob Burckhardt, edited, with an introduction, by James Hastings Nichols. Burckhardt, author of the classic "The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy," was a profound Swiss scholar who, distrusting the too facile democracy of the mid-nineteenth century, foresaw the Fascist era of the twentieth. This is a collection of his reflections on history and the interrelations of culture, religion, and the state.

SEVEN CAME THROUGH, by Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker. Captain Rickenbacker's account of his twenty-one days adrift on a rubber raft in the Pacific, smoothly and effectively written, plus his "Message to America" on air power. Includes three or four pages of the author's curious political and social opinions, which you must figure out for yourself. Introduction by W. L. White. Photographs.

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[*From Life*]

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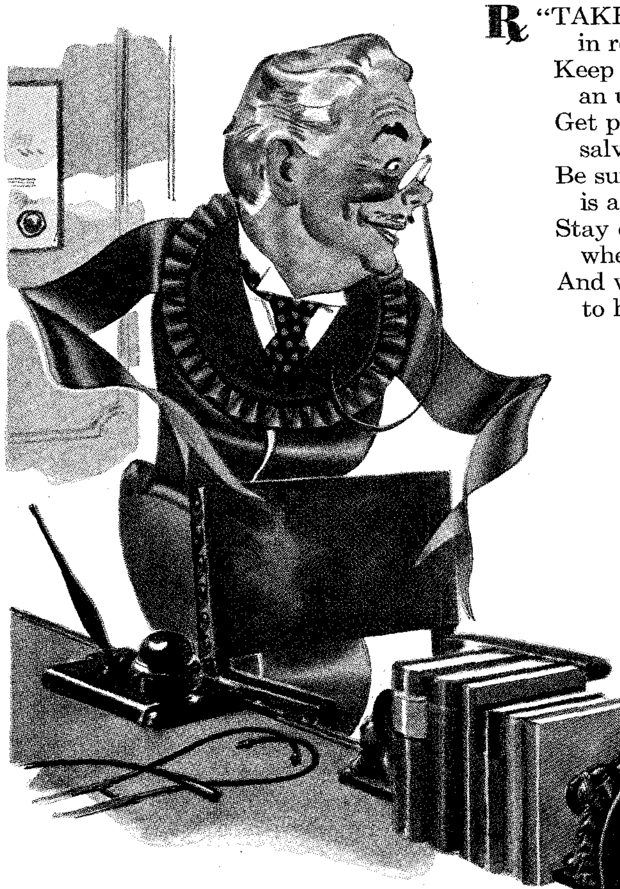

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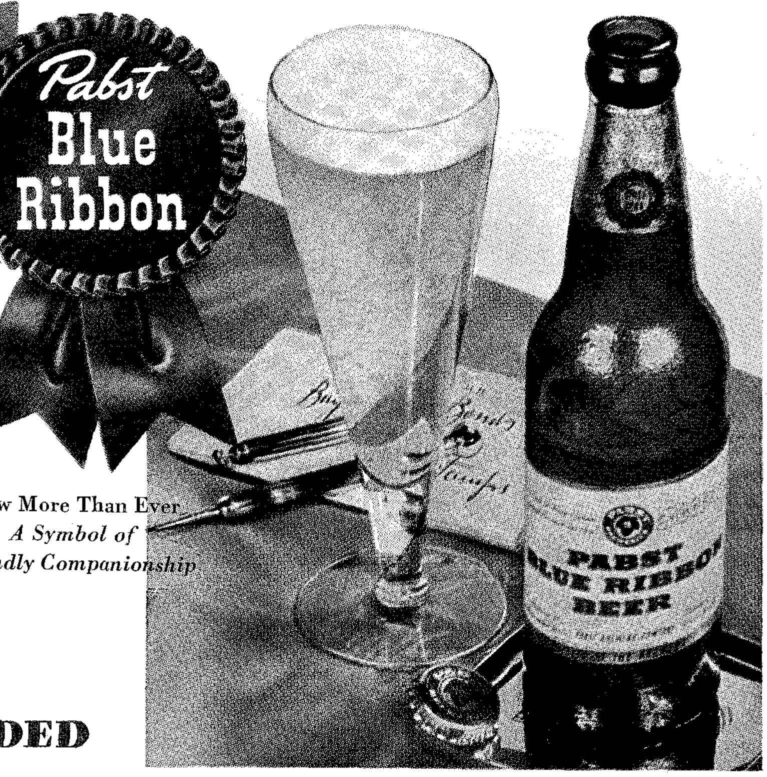

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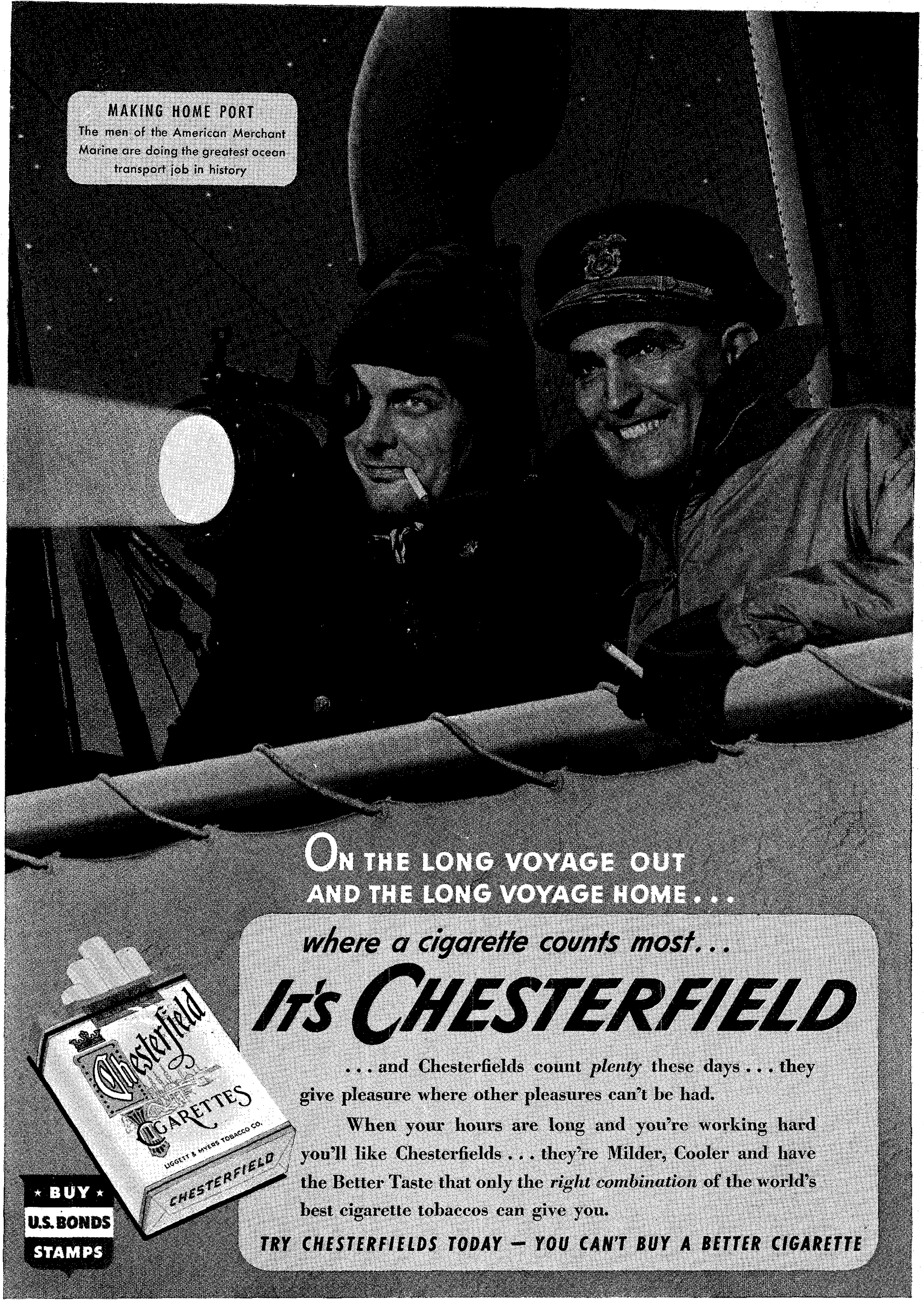

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